ERNIE KOVACS • HENRY MORGAN • BOB & RAY

MAD

OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP

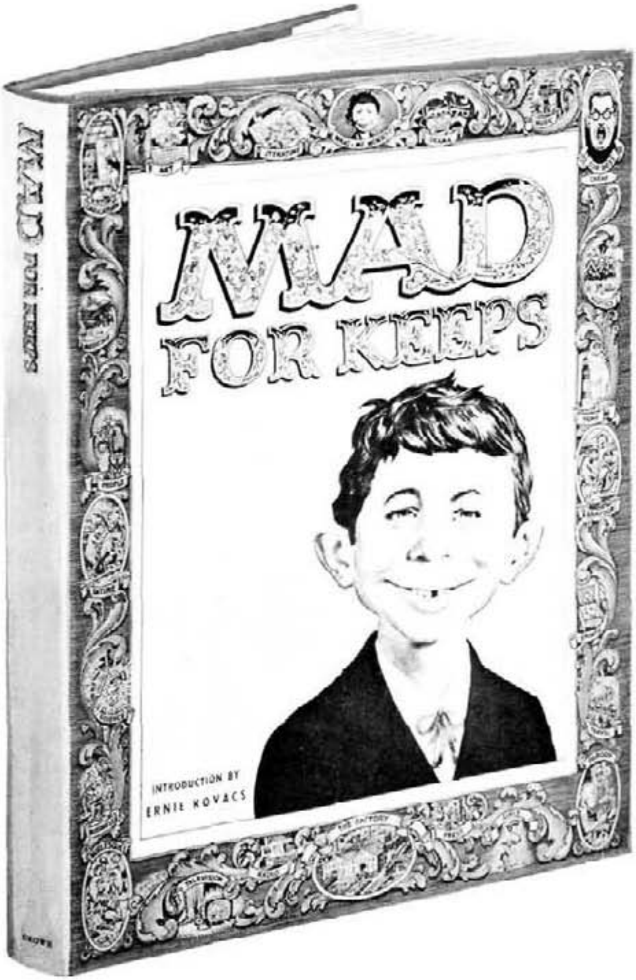
No. 41

Sept. '58



IF YOU'RE A NEW MAD FAN
YOU'RE LUCKY!

YOU CAN GET OUT NOW, WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!



BUT IF IT'S TOO LATE AND YOU'RE ALREADY HOOKED

YOU CAN READ WHAT YOU MISSED

IN THIS HARD-BOUND, DE LUXE

ANTHOLOGY

OF THE

BEST

(Or the worst, if you have any taste!)

from

MAD*

INCLUDING

- **A full-color jacket** ... to turn inside out for camouflage!
- **An introduction by Ernie Kovacs** ... to tell you why you're crazy to go on!
- **16 pages in vivid color** ... to rot your mind and ruin your eyes!
- **A total of 128 pages of unforgettable articles** ... that got us into the most trouble!

NOW ON SALE AT MOST BOOKSTORES! ONLY $2.95

If your regular bookseller does not have **"MAD For Keeps"**, ask him to stock it! If he refuses, bust 'im one, and mail in!

*This material originally appeared in MAD Magazines through 1956, and has never before been reprinted in any form. Published by Crown Publishers, Inc., N. Y.

use coupon or duplicate

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPT.
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

Rush my copy of **"MAD For Keeps"**. You can plainly see I have no taste! I enclose $2.95, which also happens to be the retail price in bookstores. I can plainly see this is no bargain!



NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________ZONE____STATE________

NUMBER 41 SEPTEMBER 1958

MAD

"There are more important things in life than money ... but they won't go out with you if you haven't got any!" — Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **CONTINUITY:** Jerry De Fuccio **IDEAS:** Nick Megliola
NEW GIRL: Sheila Lynch **CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:** Wallace Wood Bob Clarke Don Martin Frank Kelly Freas George Woodbridge Joe Orlando David Berg Mort Drucker Mel Lazarus **CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:** Ernie Kovacs Bob and Ray Henry Morgan Frank Jacobs Albert Meglin Dee Caruso Bill Levine Tom Koch Steve Tuttle Marguerite McClain **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Gloria Orlando Celia Morelli
MERCHANDISING (Whatever that is!): Zach Boym **T-SHIRT PHOTO:** Larry Maleman
LAW SUITS & IMITATION SCRUTINIZER: Martin Scheiman, Esq.

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—September-October, 1958, Vol. 1, No. 41, is published bi-monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1958 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in United States of America.

VITAL FEATURES

MAD solves problem of "why Johnny can't read" with a new primer which creates problem of "why Johnny turns delinquent"!



An article telling some failing "Easterns" to go "Western," which should bring replies from them, telling **MAD** where to go.



Maybe there'd be less of a depression if Mad. Ave. appealed to slobs instead of snobs in their ads, as there are lots more of us.



Henry Morgan, lamenting how much the old circus has changed, crawls under the tent in an attempt to sneak **out** instead of in.



Ben Hogan is responsible *for this worthless piece* on how to play golf. We pleaded with him, but he just refused to write it.



The familiar saying that "the book was better than the picture" is proven correct by this article, which is worse than both.



With millions of boating fans hitting the water as this craze spreads, **MAD** pulls out all the stops, and sinks along with them.

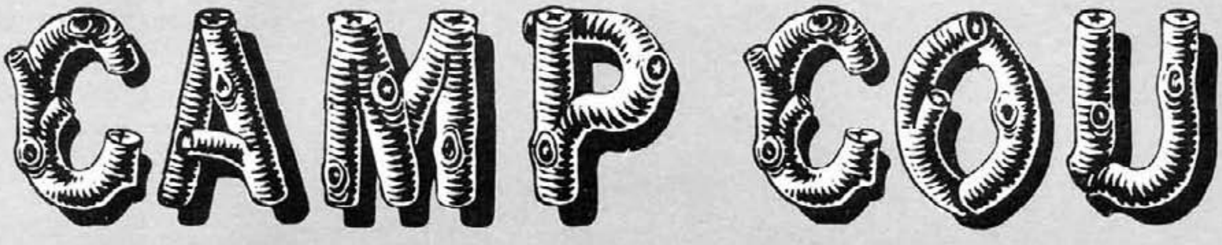


A trek across the Sahara could never be as dry as the article describing it in the magazine you find in most doctors' offices.



For this article, we went to Mel Lazarus, an unim**peach**able authority on kids, a **peach** of a guy in per-

MAD ANSWERS QUEST



CAN I TELL AT THE OUTSET WHICH CAMPERS WILL GIVE ME TROUBLE?



WHAT IS THE BEST TIME TO RISE AND SHINE?



..."The Pause That Refreshes" ...is a 2-hour nap!

SHOULD I EXPECT THE CAMPERS TO ENJOY THE SAME HOBBIES I DO?



son, and mainly the creator of the **"Miss Peach"** comic strip. And so, with Mel's kind assistance . . .

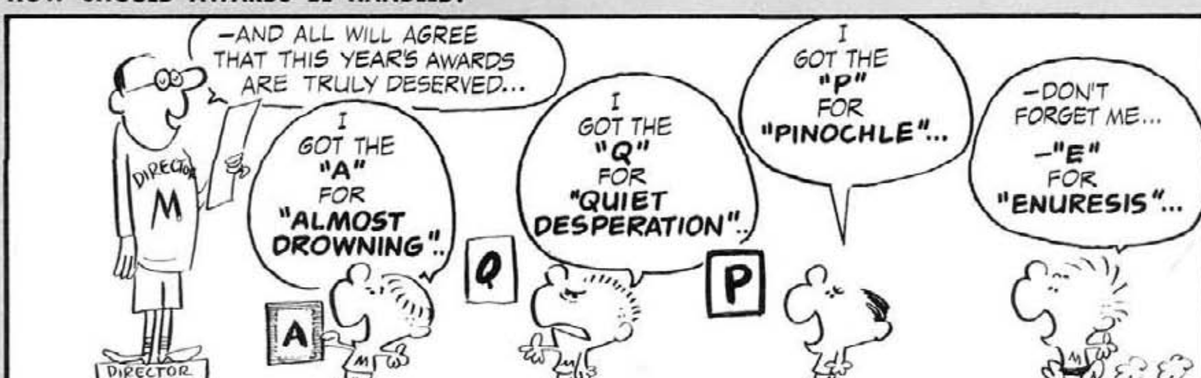
IONS MOST ASKED BY NSELORS

SHOULD THE KEEPING OF PETS BE ENCOURAGED?

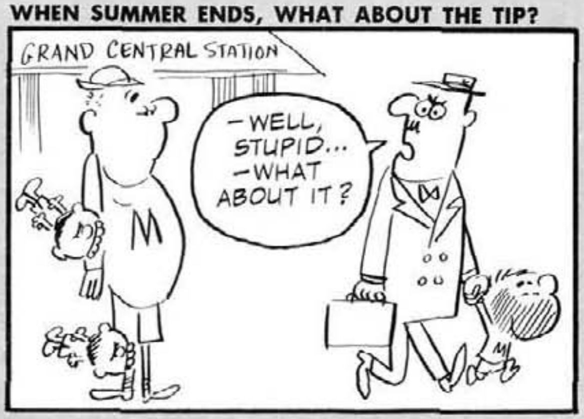
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



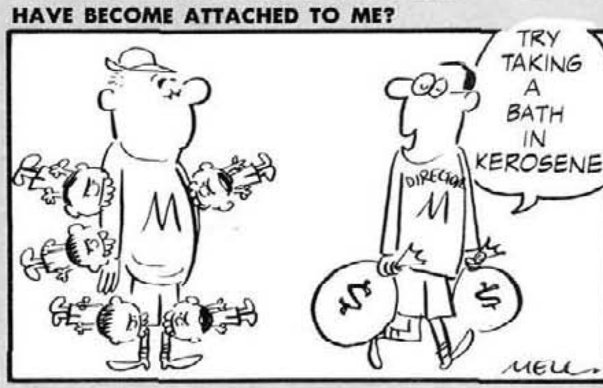
HOW SHOULD AWARDS BE HANDLED?



WHEN SUMMER ENDS, WHAT ABOUT THE TIP?



AND WHAT ABOUT THE CAMPERS WHO HAVE BECOME ATTACHED TO ME?





MAD ARTIST CITED

At our Annual Dinner each year, The National Cartoonists Society presents awards to cartoonists in recognition of their outstanding work in the profession. The highlight of the dinner is the presentation of the "Reuben" to the "Cartoonist of the Year." This year, the "Reuben" went to Hal Foster, creator of "Prince Valiant." In addition, beautiful silver plaques are presented to winners in our eight categories of cartooning. MAD's Wallace Wood was voted top man in his category, and received the plaque for "The Best Comic Artist of 1957." Wally has been an active member of The Society for many years, and we are all delighted that he has received this recognition of his wonderful work.

Marge Duffy Devine
Scribe
The National Cartoonists Society
New York City



Pic above shows Wally Wood receiving the "Best Comic Artist of 1957" plaque at the National Cartoonists Society Dinner held in the Waldorf Astoria. We're all proud of our boy! — Ed.

MAD ON TV

Congratulations! Your humor has even reached TV! On April 30th, Garry Moore showed your "TV Scene We'd Like To See" about him on "I've Got A Secret."

George Leeman
Ridgefield, Conn.

WHO IS HE?

Please! I've got to know! Who is the guy who was: (1) a grocery clerk in the Jan. issue's "Strangely Believe It," (2) an airline passenger in the March issue's "Strangely Believe It," (3) "Max" in "Nobody Has Any Fun at Parties" in that same issue, and (4) a guest enjoying "Party Games" in the May issue?

Miriam Frank
Maplewood, N. J.

I've seen him before. Can you tell me who he is?

R. Leland
Cleveland, Ohio



Seen Him Before!

We are highly flattered that our copyrighted subject, THE GAY PHILOSOPHER by Henry Major, seems to have served as a prototype for characters who grace some of the articles in MAD. Don't panic, we don't plan to sue. We would, however, like to offer your readers this "mad" inspiration piece. It's available in glorious full color in three sizes. Any one interested should write:

New York Graphic Society
Greenwich, Conn.



Copyrighted Subject!

"Ask The Man Who Owns One" . . . if he'll talk to you!

COMMENTARY

Every time I see a copy of MAD, I am impressed by its wit and satire, which requires a reader of more than ordinary erudition. It must be a commentary of some sort that the one publication which assumes that teen-agers have sufficient brains and education to appreciate cleverly wrought comments upon the passing scene is entitled "MAD."

Merrill S. Lifton
Director
The New York City
High School Press Conference

Yeah, but what's "erudition" mean? — Ed.

MISSING PLENTY

In your latest issue, nearby your Alfred E. Neuman University, you show a sorority house bearing the three Greek letters Alpha Phi Omega. The constitution of Alpha Phi Omega, The National Service Fraternity made up of ex-boy scouts, implicitly prohibits the fair sex among the membership. We would like to know how the chapter at AEN U. accomplished this, as we feel that our Gamma Psi chapter of APO seems to be missing plenty.

Peter J. Torvik
Robert Ryan
Allen Standish etc.
Gamma Psi Chapter
Alpha Phi Omega
University of Minnesota

MAD ALL-STARS

I am a devoted fan of your magazine. In my spare time, I organized a team and called it "The Mad All-Stars." We go from place to place playing other teams in and around Kingston. We have uniforms, with the word "MAD" printed on our shirts in big letters. We are just about through for the season, and are still undefeated. We really have some time playing under your name.

John Bruck, Capt.
Mad All-Stars
Kingston, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS

As the Account Executive on SALEM Cigarettes, I want to extend my congratulations to MAD for so successfully reproducing the mood of one of our latest SALEM advertisements, even down to the detail of the woman's hat. We naturally feel that this is a great "plus" for our brand.

Samuel H. Northcross
Vice President
William Esty Co.
Advertising
New York City

VIVE LA FRANCE

Voici une photographie de la compagnie Nicholas Bataille dans "La Cantatrice Chauve" de Ionescu. Les acteurs manifestent leur enthousiasme pour MAD en répon dant aux applaudissements du public, vôtre magazine à la main, sur la scène du Théatre de la Huchette à Paris.

Le "What—Me Worry?" kid agit jusques en France.

Paul Vervisch
Paris, France



Ils n'ont pas de soucis!

PIZZA PIES

I followed your advice on eating a pizza pie, and for your information, I did not get icky sticky goo all over my new $49.50 suit. Next time, print the truth in your magazine. Actually, I got icky sticky goo all over my new $1.25 MAD T-Shirt.

Jim Stripling
Fort Worth, Texas

IMITATIONS

I have been a devoted fan of MAD for a long time, having purchased MAD jewelry and MAD T-Shirts. The reason why I am writing this letter is because now I am *really* "mad"! If there is one thing I can't stand, it is people who try to cash in on the hard work of others. You have worked hard to get where you are today, and all these so-called imitations are just sitting back trying to steal your faithful readers.

Clifford Kent
Manchester, New Hampshire

See page 12 for our thoughts, Cliff. — Ed.

IT ISN'T FARE

I spent about two and a half hours adding up all the fares in your "Coast-To-Coast For $16.75," and guess what? They actually added up to exactly $16.75. Wise guys, eh!

Bob Lilienthal
New York City

Nuts to you for pulling such an unscrupulous trick. After hours of checking, adding, calculating, and trying to figure out how to spell such words as these, I couldn't find a single mistake in the total of the fares in "Coast-To-Coast." I should have known you'd finally pull something like this.

Rollins Turner
Detroit, Mich.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 41, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N.Y.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MAD, published bi-monthly at New York 1, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein, 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Publications, Inc., 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.; William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.; Jessie K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.; Virginia E. Mac Adie, 225 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(signed) William M. Gaines, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September, 1957. Ettore de Stefano

(seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1958)

It's Fun  *to Phone!*



A minute from now you can be having a happy time.
Just phone someone who means a lot to you.
Like your bookie. Place a bet with him today.
And nothing helps you do that so easily as
your telephone. Yes, "It's fun to phone!"
Providing the nag you pick don't run last!

Bet Telephone System

. . . "Smokers Who Know" . . . give it up!

THROW THE BOOK AT 'EM DEPT.

With school teachers and parents showing increased alarm over "Why Johnny Can't Read", MAD decided to assign its Educational Research Council to make a study of this pressing problem. The Council reports back that Johnny can't read because (1) he's a clod, and (2) he just can't get interested in the old fashioned primers still in use in most schools. We'd be crazy to solve the former, 'cause then nobody would buy MAD. But we can take care of the latter by replacing old-fashioned dull primers with up-to-date editions of . . .

THE MAD PRIMER

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO

MY FIRST READER

Easy Little Steps for Muddy Little Feet



by Altgeld, Pfeffernick, Cowznofski, Warmerdam, and Umphlott

Lesson 1.



I am Irving
I have a dog.
His name is Schlep.
I teach Schlep to bite the postman.
I do not like the postman because he brings bills and my daddy's draft notices.
The postman does not like me because I am nasty.
Schlep and I like each other.
That figures.

Lesson 2.

I am still Irving.
Sometimes I go to grandpa's farm.
Grandpa's name is Farmer Brown.
He is not really a farmer.
He runs a hot car ring.
Sometimes grandpa lets me put phony license plates on the hot cars.
I like to go see grandpa.
The police would like to see grandpa, too.



Lesson 3.

Irving again.
I am in the first grade.
My teacher is Miss Furd.
I tell the school board Miss Furd is a Commie.
The school board investigates Miss Furd.
Miss Furd is through in this town.



3

Lesson 4.



I am Sadie.
I am Irving's sister.
This is not the best thing in the world to be.
I have a kitty.
Her name is Fred.
I want to be a nurse someday.
I perform medical experiments on Fred.
Fred lies very still after the experiments.
Rest in peace, Fred.

4

Lesson 5.



Yoo hoo already.
It's me again—Sadie.
Irving and I have many toys to play with.
Our mother gets them for us at the store.
Our mother is a klepto.
We like the toys she brings us.
Sometimes I let Irving play with my toys.
Sometimes Irving lets me play with his toys.
Big deal.

5

Lesson 6.

Our daddy works downtown.
He works in a big office building.
He wheels and deals.
Sometimes he writes company checks to pay off his bookie.
Some day the auditors will come.
Bye-bye, Daddy.



6

Lesson 7.

This is Bobby Smith.
He is our playmate.
Bobby sells reefers to the other children at school.
Sometimes we buy a stick from Bobby.
We light up behind the garage.
Crazy, man.



7

Lesson 8.



This is Mr. Johnson.
He runs the store in our neighborhood.
He sells meat, vegetables and fruit.
Sometimes while he is selling these things, we sneak in and steal candy.
Sometimes Mr. Johnson catches us.
He says we are no better than common criminals.
We will fix his wagon on Halloween.

8

Lesson 9.



Hello again already. Sadie speaking.
Irving and I like to go to the zoo.
One day our daddy took us to see the animals.
Irving crawled into the lion's cage.
I asked my daddy to save Irving.
My daddy just smiled and took me home.
Irving came home later.
Tough luck.

9

Lesson 10.

Irving here.
It is Christmas Day at our house.
Santa Claus brought me a bicycle, blocks, a cowboy suit, an electric train and mittens.
Santa Claus brought Sadie a new doll, a party dress, a coloring book and mittens.
We think Santa Claus is a fink.
I mean what's this with the mittens?

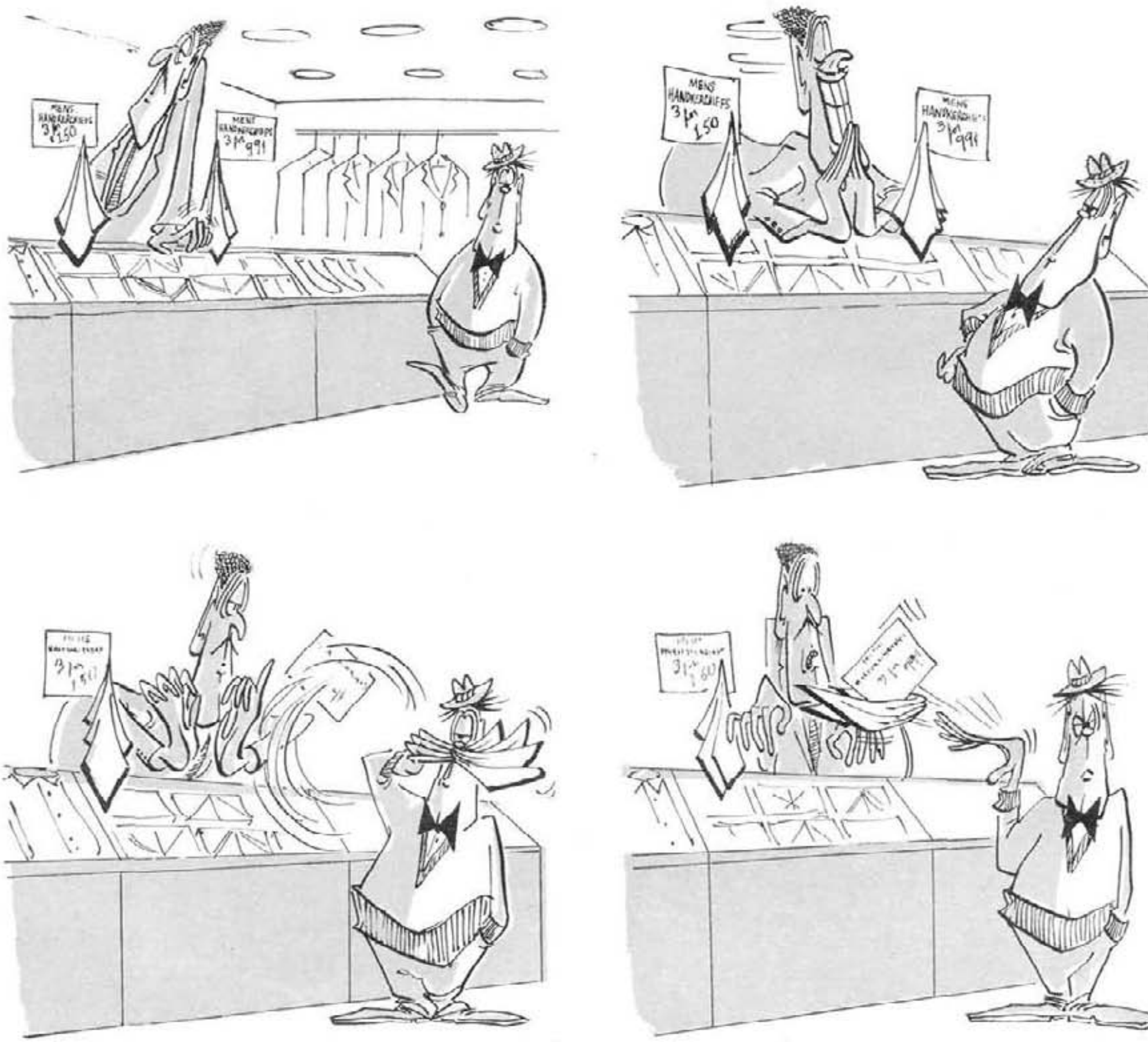


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DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

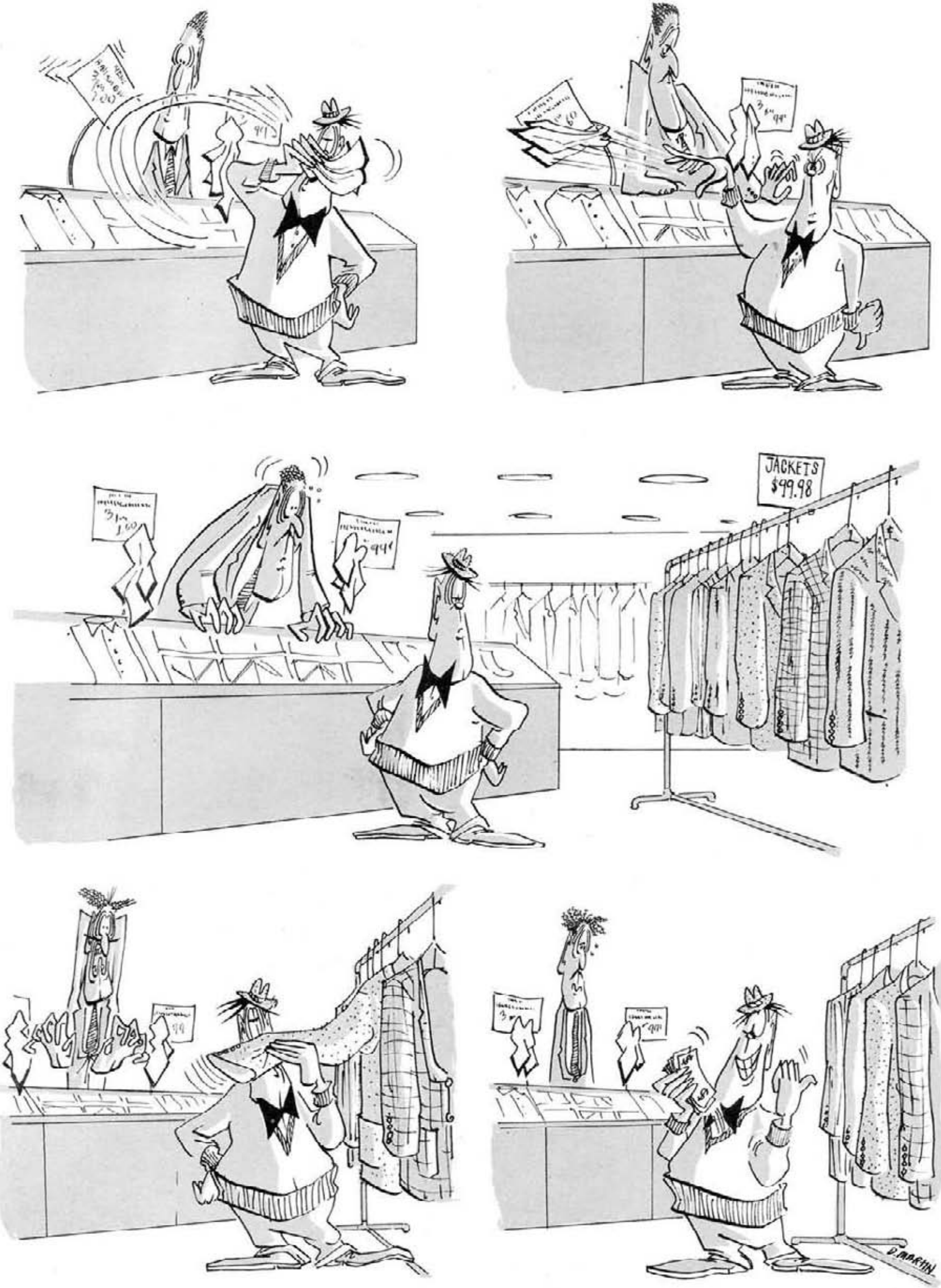
Ever since we discovered and first presented Don Martin to the reading public, we here at MAD have lived in mortal fear of one day losing him to a bigger and richer magazine . . . like *The Ladies Home Journal,* f'rinstance. However, as time passed, and more and more of Mr. Martin's zany works appeared in MAD, that fear has been dispelled. Looks like nobody else will have anything to do with him! But we still love him. So here we go again, with the first of this issue's collection of Don's off-beat humor . . . said collection being called

Don Martin AT LARGE In A Haberdashery



** "Knowledgeable People" . . . *ignore advertising slogans!*

. . . "The Best Friend Your Car Has Ever Had" . . . was the guy who sold it to you!



FREE-LOADING DEPT.

Attention, all you schlock publishers who have never had an original idea in your lives! With MAD's circulation now over the one million mark, now is the time to hop on the old gravy train! So take Abe Lincoln's advice: "You can fool some of the people some of the time . . ." and try to fool them! Put out an imitation of MAD! Cash in on MAD's six years of hard work building a reputation in the humor and satire field! To help you, so you won't have to do any thinking, and thereby upset the usual pattern of your careers, take your mind off your secretary and study this special article which mainly tells you

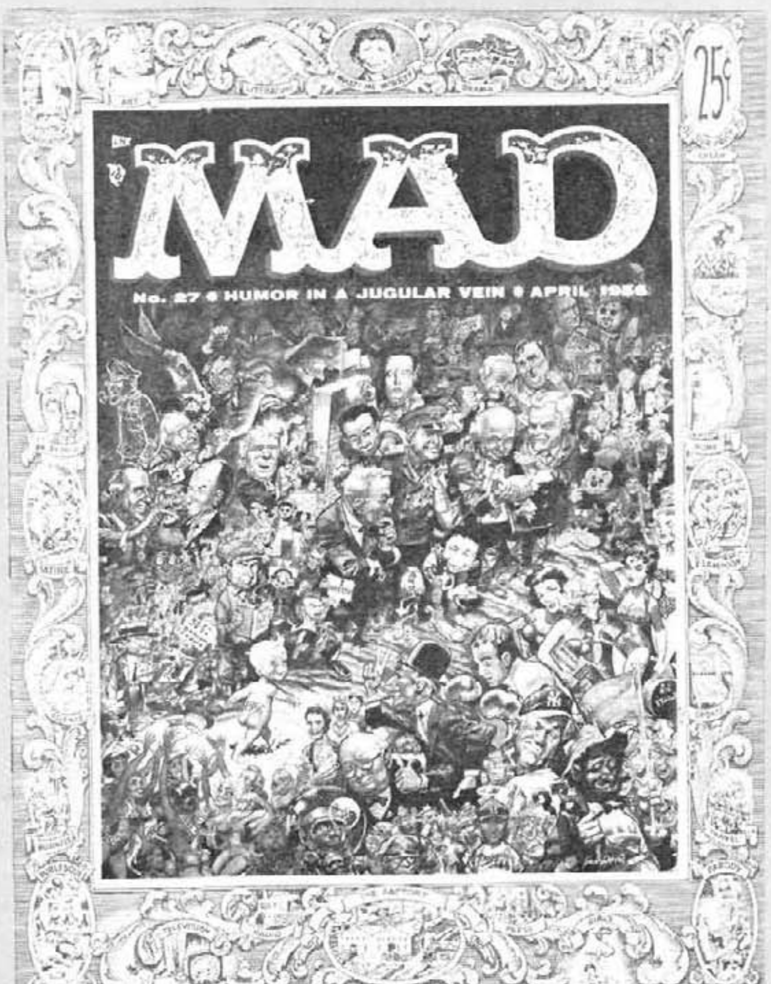
TITLE

First, you'll need a name for your imitation. It should be a short name that sounds funny and looks funny. It should give the idea that you're putting out a crazy off-beat satire magazine. Like, f'rinstance the name **"MAD."** Only don't use **"MAD"** because we can sue the pants off you! To help you pick a name that's close to or **means "MAD,"** here is a section from our copy of Roget's Thesaurus. You probably don't have a copy, so we've saved you the expense of going out and buying one. Note all the wonderful synonyms for **"MAD"** you can choose from.

503. Mad

(See 502. Sanity; also 842. Wit)

1. *adj.* mad, senseless, crazy, cracked, stupid, nuts, idiotic, frenzy, loco, batty, goofy, humbug [Briticism], wacky, thimk, [coll.], daffy, loony, panic [dial.], screwy, psychopathic, trump [arch.], wild, life, look, colliers etc. (mentally deficient) 499.13



COVER

Second, design a cover for your imitation that looks like **MAD.** Here is an old **MAD** cover to copy. Note the border. Note the confusion. Note that our covers don't even look like this anymore! But then, you can't tell what we'll do next, so stick to the good old tried and proven formula!

TRADE MARK

It is important in imitating **MAD** that you adopt a mascot or trademark to represent the theme of your magazine. Like we use Alfred E. Neuman, the "What—Me Worry?" kid (below). You could use like a plasterer, or a cat that drinks whiskey, or a guy who swallows his nose, or a crutch . . . you know, really funny things like that.



HOW TO PUT OUT AN IMITATION OF MAD

INDEX PAGE

Next, design an index page. On second thought, don't design an index page. Copy **MAD**'s index page exactly. After all, you're trying to fool people. This might give them the impression that your imitation is another magazine put out by the same gang that puts out **MAD**. This might give them the impression that we have no trouble at all just putting out **MAD** and keeping its quality high. This might give them the impression that we're greedy and mercenary. This might give them the impression we're like **you**!

Put name you have picked here. If possible, copy lettering style. Don't forget! You're desperate!

Put in a funny quote here. Remember, you're trying to imitate **MAD**. If **MAD** has a quote, you have a quote!

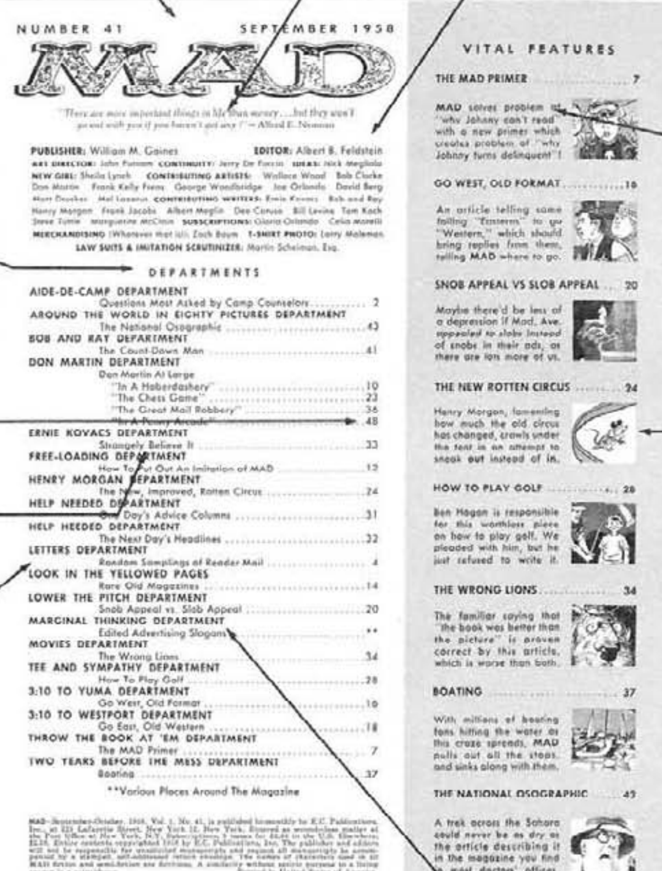
Include an impressive list of your staff here. If your staff isn't very impressive, make up list of phony names!

Since **MAD** has departments, make sure you place each of your articles in a different department . . . and don't let on that they all belong in one department: sanitation!

Always include a gag name in staff list, like maybe "Publisher's Mother," or "Editor's Cat." Refer to our back issues for these.

Don't make the mistake we make in giving our readers their money's worth. 48 pages costs lots more than say 40 pages or 32 pages. Shoot for them **big** profits.

List best articles here, and include a five line gag, even *if it has nothing* to do with the article.



NUMBER 41 SEPTEMBER 1958

MAD

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines EDITOR: Albert B. Feldstein

LAW SUITS & IMITATION SCRUTINIZER: Martin Scheiman, Esq.

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

VITAL FEATURES

A satire on "Believe It Or Not" is a must, as they are very popular . . . especially when they look like the ones Ernie Kovacs writes for us

Include a small section of art taken from each article. Better still, include a small section of art taken from **MAD**.

Be sure to include a letter page. We know this is rough with the first issue, but you can always write the letters yourself. Anyway, you'll need practice for the second issue. Mention **MAD** at least three times.

Talking about art taken from **MAD**, instruct all your artists to copy or trace the styles of the artists we use. Matter-of-fact, don't even hire any artists. Just photostat our original pages.

Copy this notice exactly. Especially that bit about "satiric purpose." Which in your case is a coincidence!

Be sure to swipe the "Scenes We'd Like To See" type article. Anything to identify with **MAD**.

If you want your imitation to look like **MAD**, you have to have marginals, even if they don't make any sense! ..

SO THERE YOU ARE! NOW GET RIGHT TO WORK . . . AND GOOD LUCK! YOU'LL NEED IT! MAD READERS ARE SMARTER THAN YOU THINK!

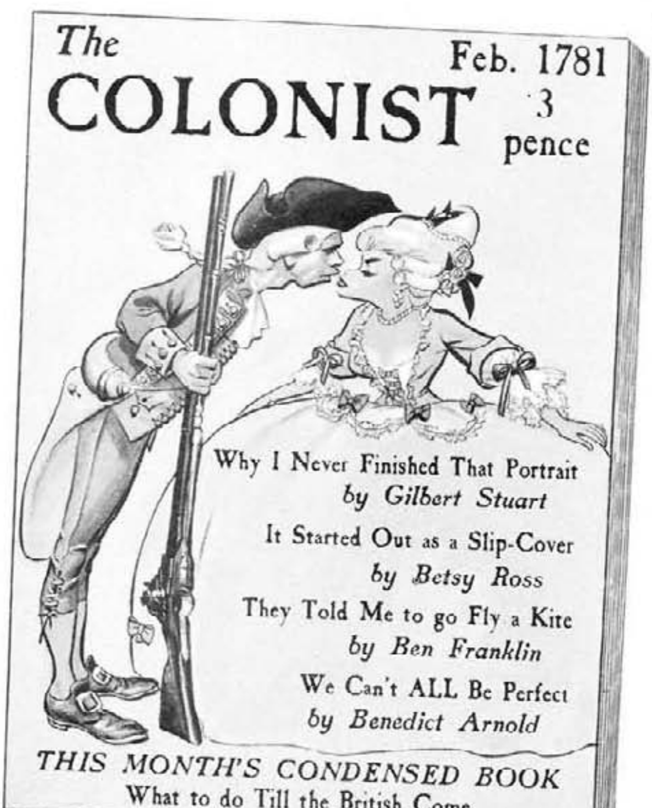
.. It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide . . .

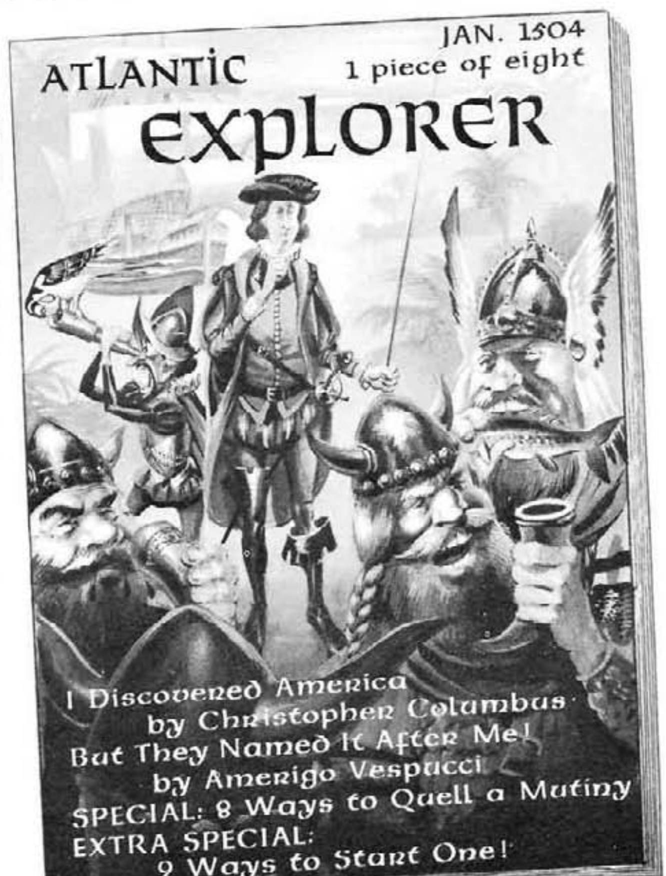
LOOK IN THE YELLOWED PAGES DEPT.

Learning history from big stuffy textbooks can be pretty dull. And besides, textbooks just don't give you a true picture of what

RARE MAGA



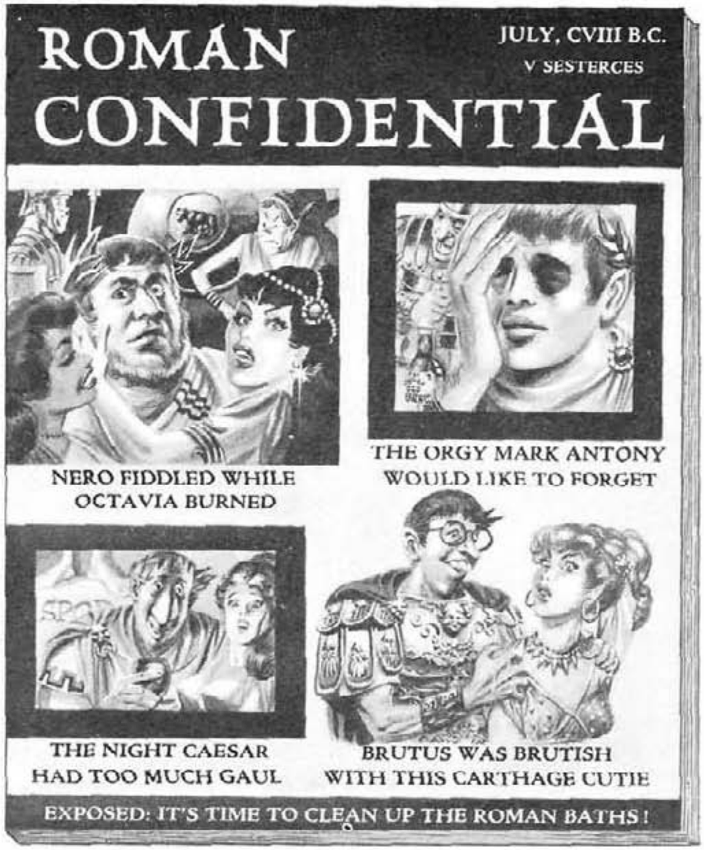




**"Where There's A Man" . . . there's a hairy armpit!

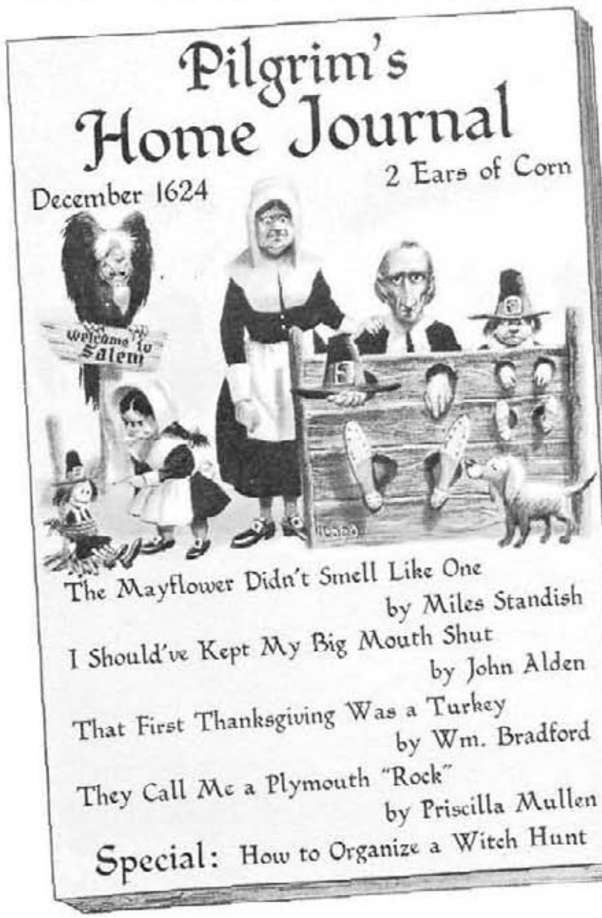
things were really like back then. If you want to enjoy studying about the past, you should read these exciting and informative

OLD ZINES



PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD





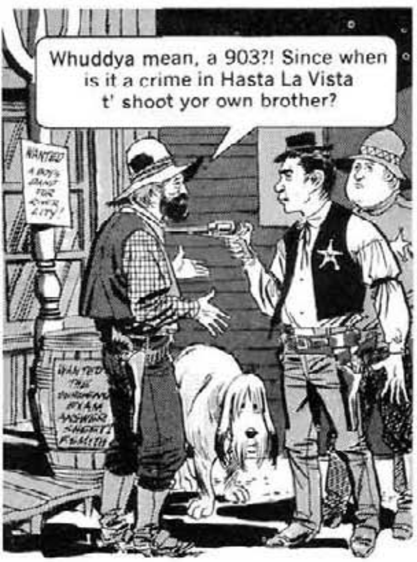
3:10 TO YUMA DEPT.

A television show, as everyone knows, is involved in a continuous struggle for "the rating". If a program's Trendex doesn't hold up, then today's hit may be tomorrow's flop. And since the mighty TV

GO WEST, O

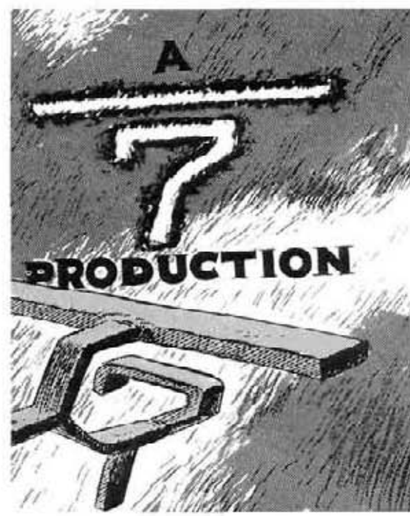
DRAGNET

Saturday, 10:14 A.M. The suspect was caught, disarmed, and booked on a 903.





Trial was held in Territorial Court on October 13th. Unfortunately, the suspect was not present. An enraged mob of horse-lovers had lynched him.



THE BOB CUMMINGS SHOW







** "The Big 'M'" . . . *is Money!*

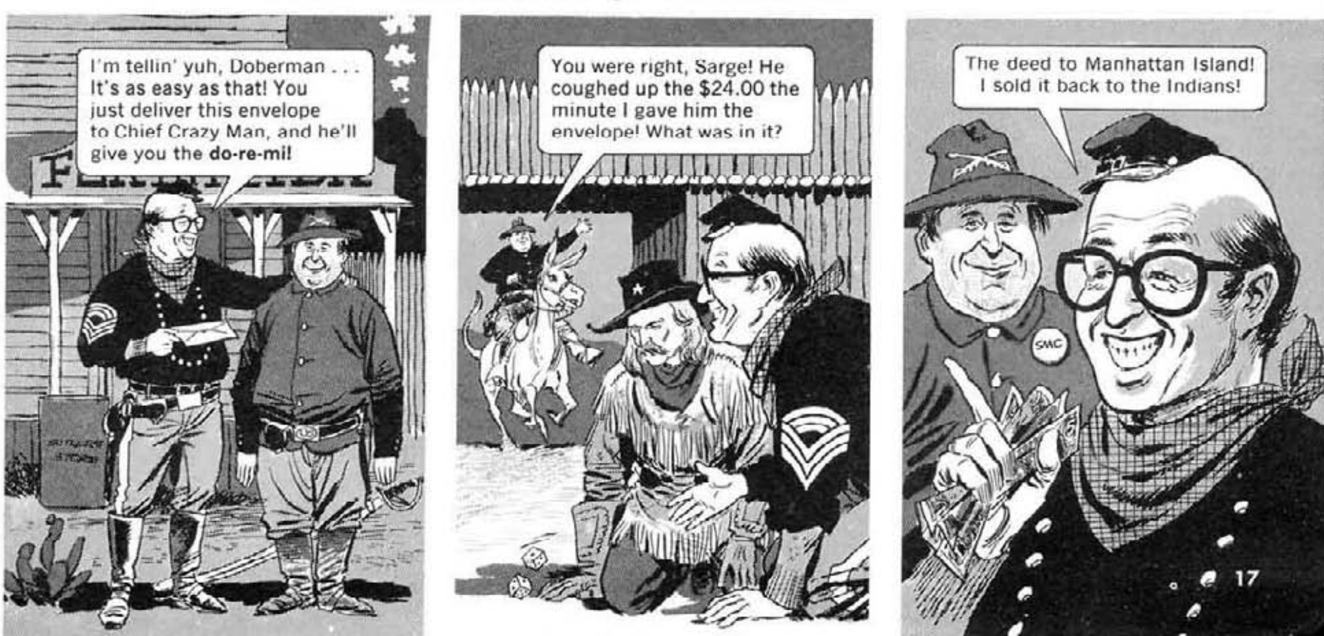
"Western" is riding high . . . for this season, anyway . . . MAD offers a foolproof formula to TV shows with slipping ratings to help them get back on top. In other words, to paraphrase Mr. Horace Greeley:

LD FORMAT

MIKE WALLACE



THE PHIL SILVERS SHOW



But like we said, in the struggle for "the rating", the mighty TV "Western" is riding high THIS season. Next season, Mr. Trendex might tell us a different story, like f'rinstance the "adult" horse operas are falling out of favor. When that happens, MAD stands

GO EAST, O

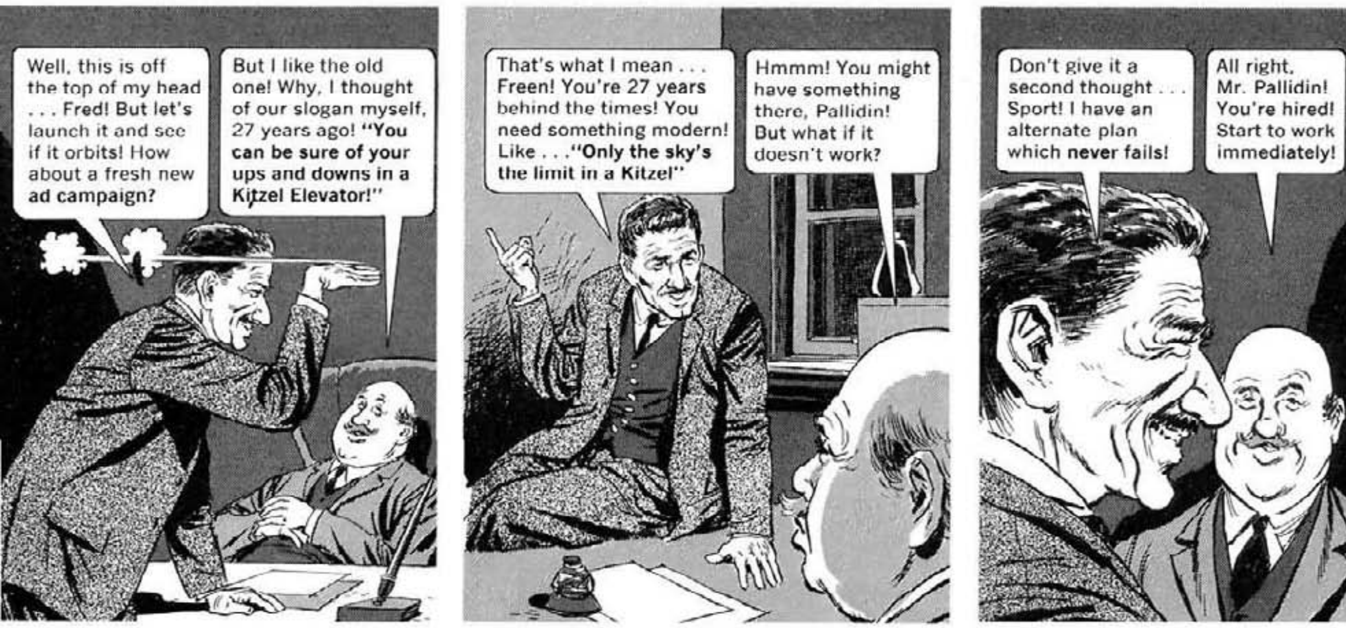
HAVE SUIT, WILL COMMUTE



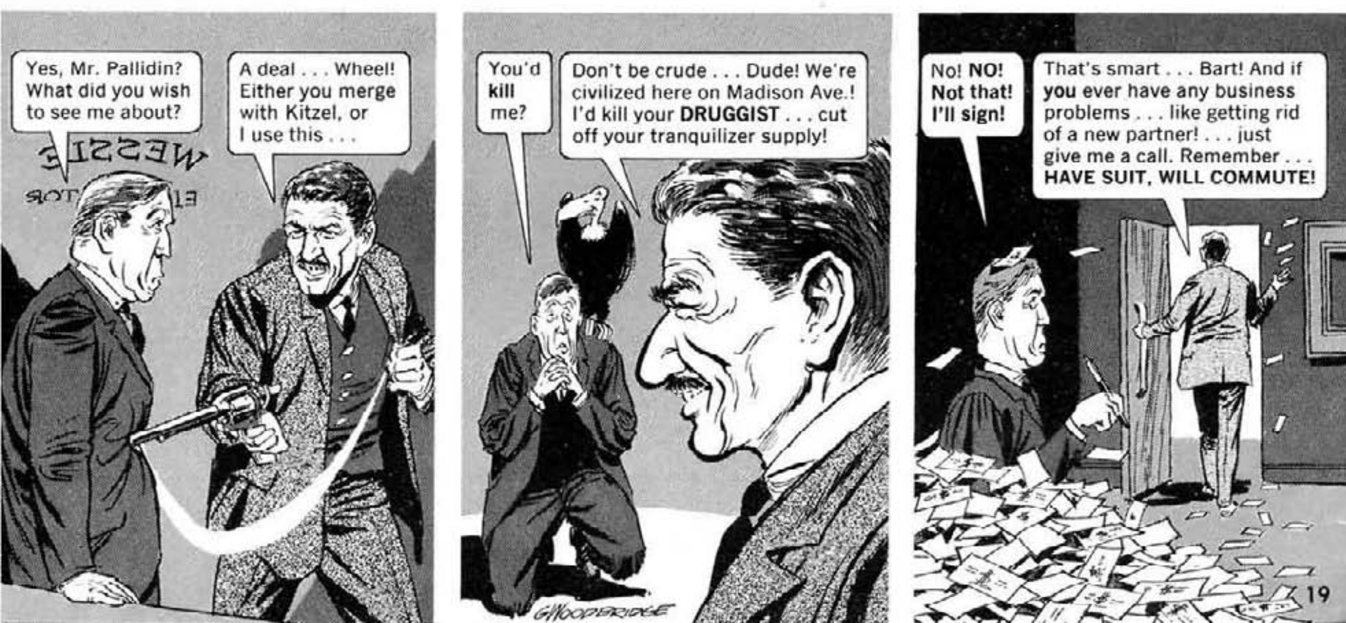
ready again to offer its valueless advice. Just pull a switch . . . and voila! James Arness stars in "Smog"! Will Hutchins becomes a "Sugar Daddy"! Ward Bond leads the "Volkswagen Train"! And Mr. Richard Boone moves to Madison Avenue, heeding MAD's call to . . .

LD WESTERN

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



** "For A Treat Instead Of A Treatment" . . . *go out with the nurse!*



LOWER THE PITCH DEPT.

More and more advertising agencies are using "Snob Appeal" in their ads. Snob Appeal is supposed to make us "slobs" feel like "snobs" when we buy their client's products. The only thing wrong with that is: Us "slobs"

Snob Appeal vs

THE WHISKEY AD

Snob Appeal



The day's work done, these heads of leading American Corporations know how to blend their pleasure. Whether in their plush, carpeted executive suites, or in their exclusive club lounge, they make the right move . . . and call for RANCID'S DELUXE. Like so many other enormously rich tycoons, they demand and receive the finest. Their discriminating taste-buds tell them that only RANCID'S will do.

RANCID'S DELUXE Blended Whiskey

SIX YEARS OLD 90 PROOF

Slob Appeal



The night's work ahead, these muggs know how to steel their nerves. Whether it's a simple heist, or a complicated bank job, when the joint is cased and the caper planned . . . they always down a few shots of RANCID'S DELUXE before making their move. Like so many other hoods, these boys look for the best marks. Then, when they split the "take", they'll have enough loot to buy all the RANCID'S they want.

RANCID'S DELUXE Blended Whiskey

SIX YEARS OLD 90 PROOF

••"Promise Her Anything" . . . but don't put it in writing!

like to feel like slobs! That's why we *are* slobs! And, as slobs, we'd rather have "Slob Appeal" in our ads. So, wise up, Madison Avenue! To help convince you that we're right, here are four sickening examples of

Slob Appeal

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

THE MEN'S JEWELRY AD

Snob Appeal

More than just a

Watchband . . .





This handsome, rising young business executive has just closed the most important deal of his brilliant career. And he didn't dare spoil his moment of triumph by exposing an unsightly wrist. That's why his watchband is a 14 carat solid gold-filled WHAMMO.

Wear a WHAMMO watchband and join the plutocrats!

Slob Appeal

More than just a

Watchband . . .





This Joe has just clouted a loudmouthed bum who wouldn't let him drink his beer in peace. And he didn't take any chances with his bare fist. All he did was slip his 14 carat, solid gold-filled WHAMMO watchband down over his knuckles.

Wear a WHAMMO watchband and that loudmouth'll never know what hit 'im!

THE SPORTSWEAR AD



Snob Appeal



Slob Appeal

THE CARPET AD



Snob Appeal



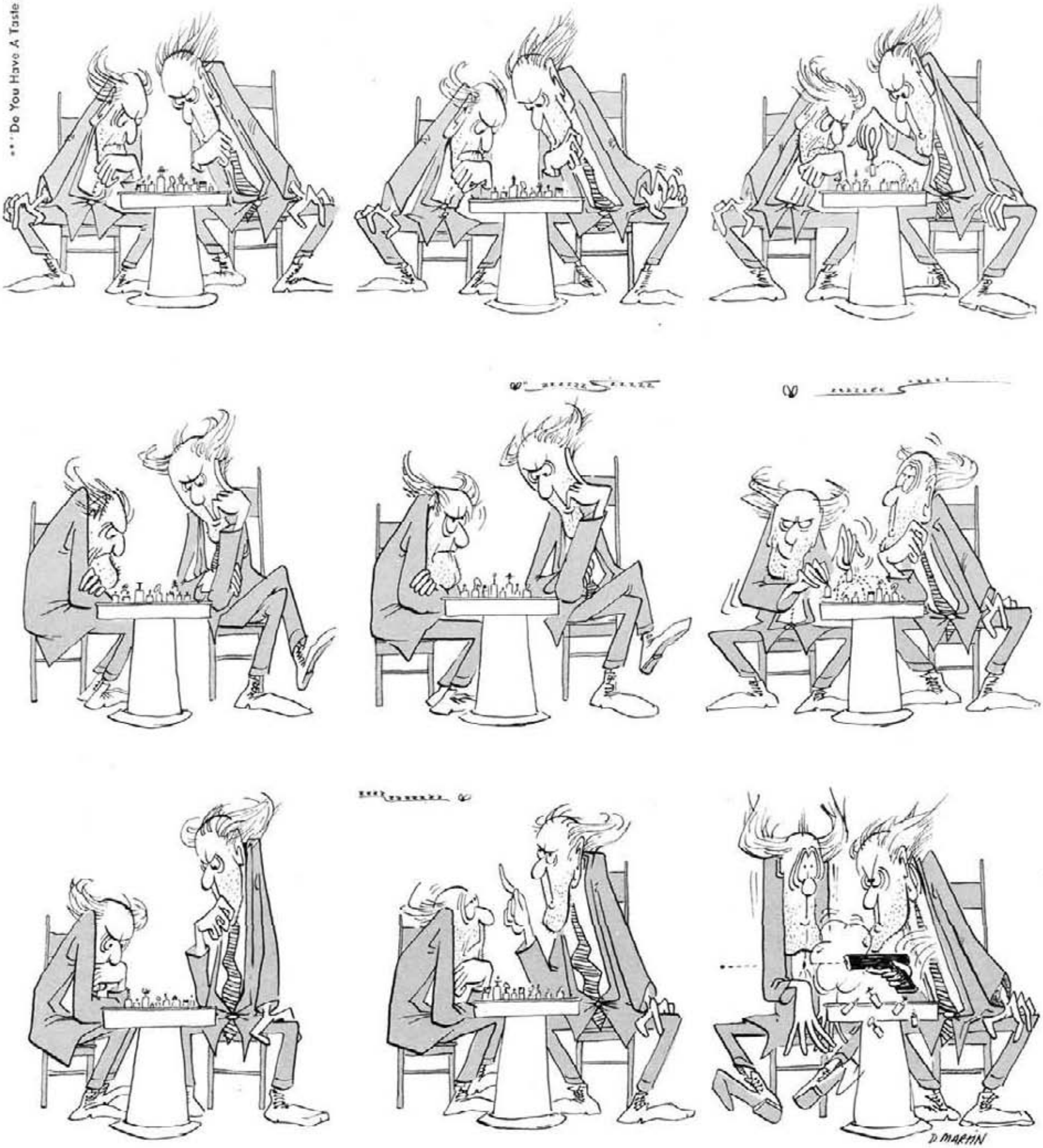
Slob Appeal

"'Do You Have A Taste For Luxury?' . . . eat a mink coat!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

It's time to catch up to "Don Martin At Large" again, and the tale he calls . . .

The Chess Game



HENRY MORGAN DEPT.

THE NEW, IMPRO



WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR MAD BY HENRY MORGAN

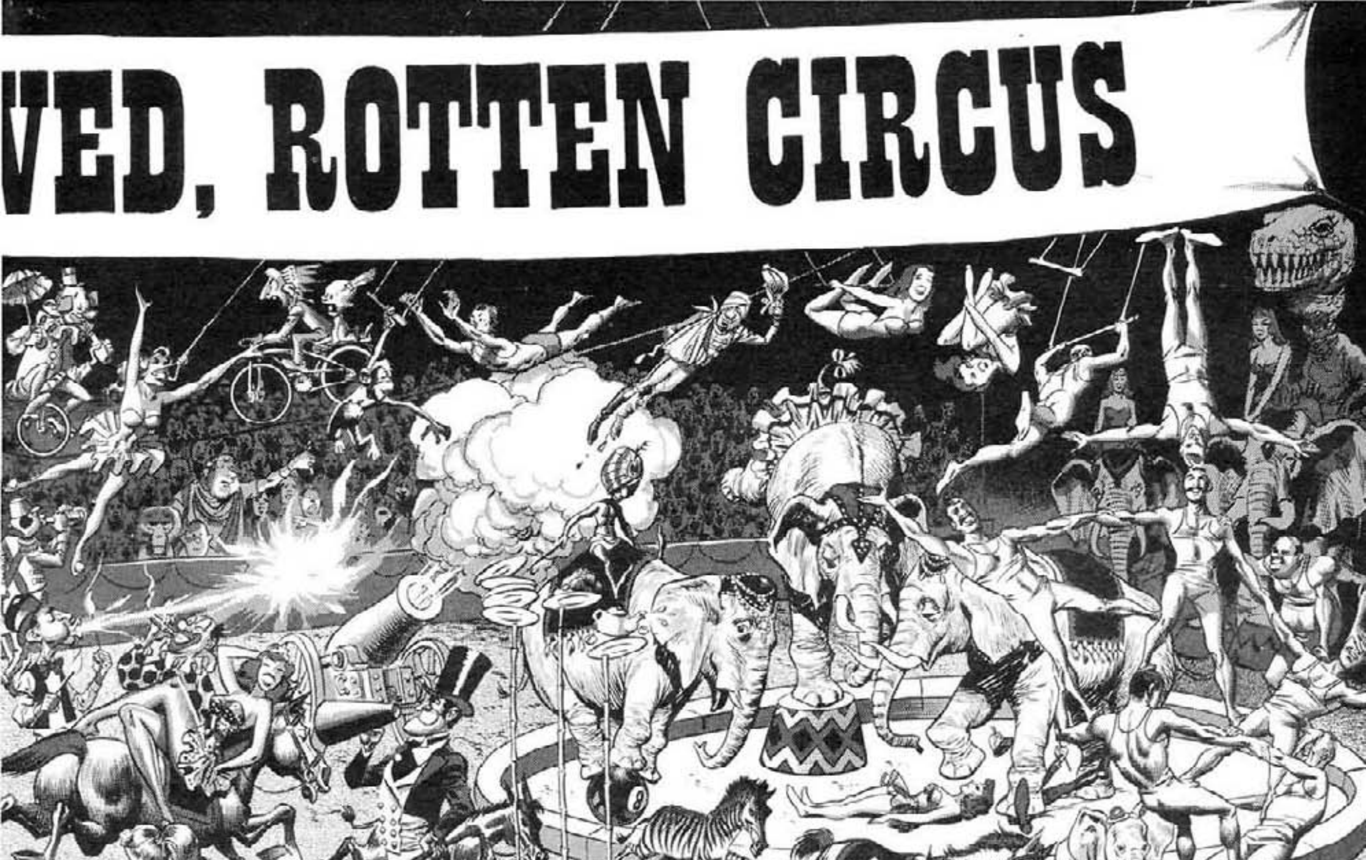
When I was a kid, I went to the circus and got bugeyed. And happy. And sick. All the kids got bugeyed and happy and sick.

Nowadays, I go to the circus . . . and just get sick.

I haven't changed much.

But the circus has.

Remember the fat lady? And the midgets? And the "living statues"? And the Ubangi ladies with the saucer lips? The man who ate fire, and the man who swallowed swords, and the man who blew his stomach up like a balloon? The pink cotton candy, and the foolish mouthwash drinks, and the taffy? There was a pretty girl who let an elephant step on her head. There was a tiny automobile and sixteen clowns got out. There was a house on fire and a whole clown fire company came and put it out. There were exciting chariot races. There was a rodeo, and toward the end of it a pretty *girl* on a white horse lassoed seven wild stallions. There was an elephant who could balance on a ball, and one who could stand on his front legs. There was a seal who played "My Country 'Tis of Thee"



THIS PANORAMA BY WALLACE WOOD

on horns, and got a fish. There was an animal trainer who risked his life in a cage with ferocious lions and tigers. There was a man on stilts who was at least thirty feet high. There were numbered ponies who came out alone and, although all mixed up, finally found their correct sequence. There was a man who piled up kitchen tables, sat on a chair way on top of them, and teetered back and forth until he finally fell down. There was a clown who lost his bustle, whistled for it, and it came running up to him. There was another clown who had a Rube Goldberg cigarette lighting machine on a little cart. There was an acrobat who somersaulted all around the track. There were handsome death-defying trapeze flyers who worked hundreds of feet up without a net, and pretty girls who hung by their teeth and spun in the air. There was a distinguished, imposing, whip-cracking Ringmaster with a booming voice. There was sawdust all over the place, and it smelled of animals and peanuts and little kids.

Today, all this has been *improved upon!*



••"The Forward Look" . . . isn't worth a backward glance!

First, two hundred girls come out in long skirts and do a cha-cha. Then three tired Argentinians throw their sister into the air and their uncle catches her in a huge chair. (He couldn't miss if he tried!) Instead of the pretty girl on the white horse, five desperate Spaniards rush across the ring, hurl themselves onto the back of some stumbling plug, and the ones that don't fall off signal for applause. Instead of the handsome flyers defying death on the trapeze, one nervous Nova Scotian with a long balancing rod rides a bicycle (with deeply grooved wheels) across a high wire ONE WAY (over a safety net) and bows as though he'd just swum the Atlantic. Instead of the pretty girls who used to hang by their teeth and spin in the air, one muscular grandmother allows herself to be shunted around for a minute or two by her skinny son-in-law hanging by his knees. We used to hear that those hysterically funny clowns were actually *serious people* when they were off-stage. Nowadays, they're perfectly serious when they're *on stage.* (They must be a barrel of laughs when they're on the train!) The animated bustle and the Rube Goldberg cigarette lighter have been replaced with Madison Avenue Commercials. The once ferocious beasts now



THIS PANORAMA BY BOB CLARKE

come up and sit in the seats with you. The lions and tigers don't bother to snarl . . . they laugh. And they're the only ones! The only trick a modern elephant knows is how to get in and out of the arena without killing himself. Even the sawdust is gone. Last time I saw a circus, the floor was covered with some green stuff . . . probably a new plastic.

Instead of the rodeo and the chariot races, at the end of the first hour, there's a "spectacular"! This takes the form of a long procession of ornate floats depicting a dull theme. "Fungicides of the Past" . . . "Famous Swamps" . . . and "Adult Delinquency" have been recent ones.

And the band! One time it played CIRCUS MUSIC! Nowadays, it plays rock 'n roll . . . which, bad as it is, never sounds quite so poopy as when played by the windy poops in today's circus band. And to top it off, the once virile Ringmaster is now a skinny creep who croons lyrics to the stuff they play.

The circus was originally meant for children, and it does my heart good to know the little darlings are there these days . . . catching up on their sleep at $6.60 a throw.

Y'know . . . I think I'll go to the circus this year. I need a good cry!

TEE AND SYMPATHY DEPT.

A recent psychiatric survey reveals that the same type of emotional disturbance that drives people to read MAD may also drive them to play golf. So to start all you potential golf players off right, we've called in the veteran pro from the Cowznofski Country Club, "Slammin' " Stanley Snide for a few hot tips on . . .

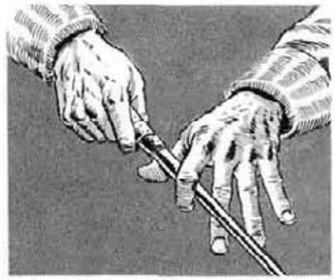
HOW TO PLAY

1. THE GRIP

It was either Walter Hagen or Louise Suggs who was first credited with saying, "You cannot play the game of golf without you hold the club!" Such a statement shows the tremendous insight of a veteran pro like Walter (unless it was Louise). The hands are generally considered the best portion of the human anatomy to use in grasping the club. The grip should not be too tight, but should be about the same consistency as one would use in clutching a dead trout. Holding the club like a billiard cue is no longer considered good form in playing golf.



WRONG



RIGHT

3. CHOOSING YOUR CLUBS



It is a good rule of thumb to select clubs that will reach from where you are to the ground. Many otherwise brilliant rounds of golf have been *ruined by the improper use of clubs,* which cause the golfer to play from four to five inches above the course. Tournament players have been known to carry as many as fourteen clubs in their bags. But the beginner can get by satisfactorily with a mashie, a niblick, a cleeker, two gimmerts, a hoblong, a glugger, and a goober:

5. THE FAIRWAY SHOT

It should always be remembered that in getting the ball from the tee to the green, the best route to follow is down the middle of the fairway. And no one knows this better than Phil "Porky" Pitnash, who recalls this incident which took place in the 1935 National Open: "I was on the dog-leg 16th at Medinah, and I hooked my tee shot into the woods. I pitched to the green in one, two-putted for a par four, and then I forgot about the incident entirely!"



WRONG



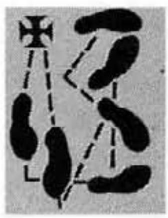
RIGHT

GOLF

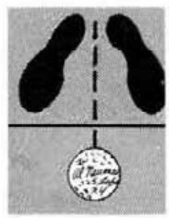
PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

2. FOOTWORK

The question most often asked by the beginning golfer is, "Where shall I place my feet?" After many years of experience, I am convinced that the best results are achieved by leaving them on the ground . . . the soles downward. The feet should not be moved, except when one is pursuing the ball down the fairway between shots.



Waiting to tee-off



Addressing the ball

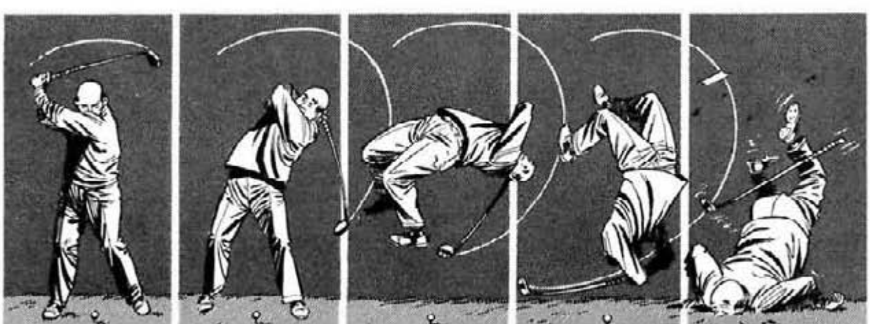


Taking a shower



Dancing the cha-cha

4. THE DRIVE



The drive is one of the most important parts of the game of golf. Trial and error is the recommended method of finding the drive best suited to you. A good drive for the beginning golfer to try is straight East on 46th Street to Mill Creek Road, out Mill Creek to State Highway 66, North on 66 to Shadeland Drive, and all the way to the Country Club.

**"Like Your Pleasure Big?" . . . *ride an elephant!*

6. THE SAND BLAST

A great deal has been written on playing your ball from a sand trap. Perhaps the best advice to beginners was voiced by Cary Pitnew in his popular book "Golf is for Clods." Cary, three-time loser of the British Open wrote: "You hit the ball into a sand trap and where are you? I mean, only a jerk hits his ball into a sand trap. I mean, you gotta be a jerk to do that. Am I right?"

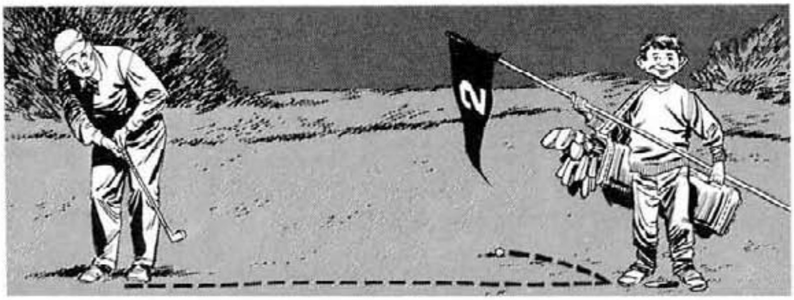


WRONG



RIGHT

7. THE PUTT



The secret of successful putting lies in playing the natural roll of the green. It is a fact that the only flat greens the golfer will encounter are the ones that are flat. The remainder are not. These are best played by bearing in mind the Freen putt-formula: $C^{2} \times R^{3} + L = 287\%$, where C stands for the golfer's height, R is the angle of the green in degrees, and L is the distance in inches to the clubhouse bar.

8. KEEPING SCORE

The secret of making a good golf score lies almost completely in the use of poor addition. Forgetting to carry numbers from one column to another produces excellent results. Some golfers report satisfaction with the system of adding the strokes on even holes and then subtracting the strokes on odd holes. But much of this tedious work can be taken off the shoulders of the beginning golfer by hiring a good dishonest caddie.

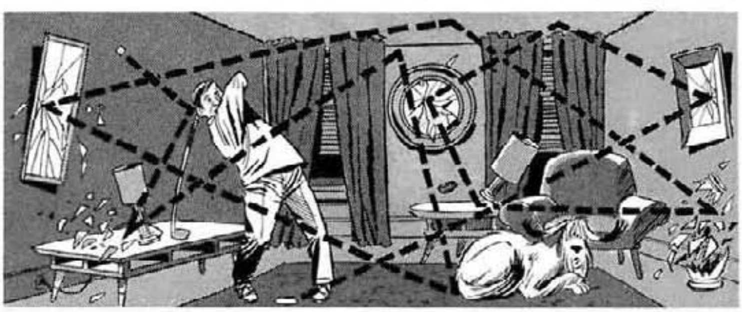
HOLE	YARDS	PAR	Melvin
1	435	4	6
2	330	4	5
3	185	3	5
4	525	5	8
5	375	4	6
6	480	5	7
7	290	4	5
8	140	3	4
9	440	4	6
OUT	3200	36	52

WRONG

HOLE	YARDS	PAR	Melvin
1	435	4	11
2	330	4	9
3	185	3	12
4	525	5	22
5	375	4	10
6	480	5	18
7	290	4	8
8	140	3	9
9	440	4	17
OUT	3200	36	35

RIGHT

9. WINTER PRACTICE



In golf, as in anything else, only practice makes perfect. Contrary to the belief of many beginners, only a limited space is needed to iron out the kinks in your game. Work regularly on maintaining a casual expression while you kick the ball for a better lie. Tee off in your tile bathroom for practice in ducking the other fellows' shots. Pretend your dog is the pin and fire chip shots at him. And in whatever you undertake, cheat—cheat—cheat!

10. GIVING UP THE GAME

Most beginners soon come to the realization, after a few rounds, that golf is one miserable game. Giving it up is easier than you think. Many former golfers find that drinking takes their minds off the game. For others, gambling provides a new outlet for that competitive spirit. Sleeping late is also a good substitute. Or beating up your wife. Clubs can be sold, or used as attractive fireplace andirons.



...When You Care Enough To Give The Very Best" . . . be sure you can afford it!!

HELP NEEDED DEPT.

One type of person **MAD** can do without is the self-appointed expert in a chosen field who publicly gives advice to people with problems by way of a syndicated newspaper column. You'll see what we mean with just

ONE DAY'S ADVICE COLUMNS

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

By Sarah Jungblood, Ph.D.

Dear Dr. Jungblood,

We consider our son, Sidney, a gifted child, above average in intelligence. In order to encourage him in his seemingly insatiable thirst for knowledge, my wife and I presented him with a chemistry set for his 10th birthday last May 5th. Since then, several things have occurred in our home which have us concerned. One day we found the water in our fish tank a deep purple, and our rare specimens gulping for air. Another time, we discovered our prize cat absolutely devoid of its fur and mewing in pain.

There have been other incidents. We feel that Sidney is using his chemistry set for other than self-improvement purposes, and have decided to take it away from him. Do you think this is wise?

Mr. J. Fawnover

Dear Mr. Fawnover:-

Taking your child's chemistry set away from him at this point would probably do more harm than good. It is obvious that Sidney had some pent-up hostilities which he has worked out through experimentation. Denying him the set might frustrate him, thus creating new hostilities. Having allowed your son to work out his aggressions, he's sure to turn to constructive activities now that his desire for destruction has been satisfied.

Dr. Jungblood



THE HEART OF THE MATTER

by Miss Alliance

Dear Miss Alliance:-

For some time, I have been aware that my husband has been seeing another woman. I'm so upset about this, I simply don't know quite what to do.

If I come right out and accuse him of his infidelity, I'm afraid that all of our personal difficulties may be brought to a head, and the results would be the *destruction of our seven-year-old marriage*. But, on the other hand, I cannot go on living with him, knowing that the 'business client' he is entertaining is really that 'awful creature'!

Please help me!

Desperate

Dear Mrs. Desperate:-

Any advice I can give you can be summed up in one wonderful word: "Togetherness!" Under no circumstances should you divulge what you know to your husband. Make every effort to again become the girl he once fell in love with. Show that you are interested in him, his work, his hobbies. Do things together. The best way to beat competition is to eliminate any reason for its existence. No outsider can match the qualities that once inspired your husband to marry you.

Miss Alliance

ASK MR. FIXIT

Question: I want to paint my bedroom, but have no idea how to remove the wallpaper. I tried to peel off a section but couldn't make any headway. Can you help me?

Mrs. Kate P.

Answer: Wallpaper is easily removed by soaking down the walls with a solution of household solvent and water. A pot of boiling water left steaming on a portable electric stove overnight helps. The wallpaper will peel off easily next morning.

TIPS ON SPORTS

by "Sparky" Gordon

Dear Sparky:-

I've been holding down a 183 average in my Wednesday night bowling league. However, for the past three weeks, my curve ball has been backing up before it hits the one-three pocket causing the loss of plenty of wood on my spares. How can I remedy this?

Ozgood Z.

Dear Ozzie:

The backup is usually caused by a slight outward turn of the wrist as the ball is delivered. I suggest that you take a firmer hold on the ball, using your usual grip, and follow through fully so that your arm comes straight up after letting go of the ball.

This will eliminate any possibility of that outward wrist turn.

Try it, and watch your average climb.

Sparky

*** "His Master's Voice" . . . can be mighty irritating!

Harmless advice? Well, that's exactly what we thought . . . until we read

THE NEXT DAY'S HEADLINES

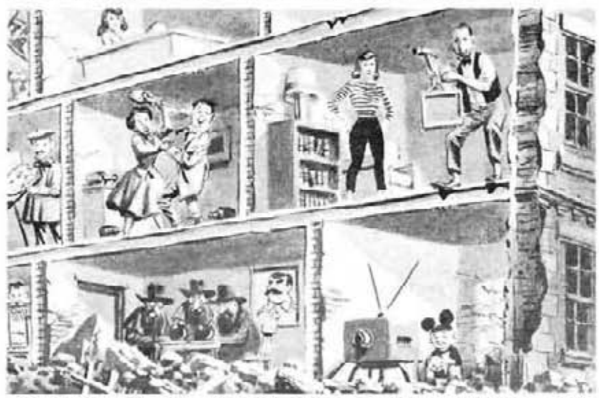
APARTMENT HOUSE WALL MYSTERIOUSLY CRUMBLES

BRONX, N.Y. June 26. — The northeast wall of a six-story apartment house at 1234 Grand Concourse crumbled today, leaving 25 families homeless.

The collapse occured early this morning as tenants went about their usual routines. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

The only scare came when Mrs. Kate Potchka, resident of the ground floor apartment, could not be found. But she turned up later, reporting that she had been down the block, returning a portable electric stove she'd borrowed from a friend.

Building inspectors were at a loss to explain the mysterious collapse. The only clue so far has been traces of waterlogged plaster found in the rubble. A search for an underground spring has been ordered.



Residents of this six-story Bronx apartment house show mixed emotions in amazing on-the-spot photo taken only a few seconds after the northeast wall collapsed and fell.

TWO INJURED IN BOROUGH PARK BOWLING ALLEY

BROOKLYN, N.Y., June 26. —Two pinboys were critically injured in the Boro Park Bowling Academy last night when a fluorescent light fixture fell on them. The freak accident occured while Ozgood Z'Beard was bowling on alley 9 during his regular Wednesday night league game. Somehow, Mr. Z'Beard lofted his last ball through the 25 foot plasterboard ceiling, dislodging the fluorescent light fixture. Georgie San Georgio, and Clyde Clodd, working alleys 9 and 10, were directly below the fixture when it came crashing down. Besides felling the pinboys, the fixture also knocked down all ten pins on alley 9, giving Mr. Z'Beard a strike, and a high score of 243.

SUBURBAN COUPLE FOUND POISONED

GREAT NECK, L.I., June 26. — Mr. and Mrs. John Fawnover were found dead by their maid this morning when she entered the Fawnover's $40,000 Great Neck split-level ranch house.

A preliminary investigation by local police officials pointed to probable death by food poisoning. An autopsy was ordered by the coroner's office.

The Fawnover's only child, Sidney, was asleep in his room when the discovery was made.

"I'm going to be a cowboy when I grow up!" he told reporters, obviously unaware of his parent's tragic death.



Clutching his treasured Chemistry Set in his tiny hands, little Sidney Fawnover is led from his home, apparently unaware of the tragic accident that has killed his parents.

NOTED COLUMNIST SUED FOR DIVORCE

RENO, NEV., June 26. — Helen Du Bois, known to millions as "Miss Alliance" through her syndicated *advice to the lovelorn* column appearing in papers from coast to coast, was sued for divorce today by Alphonse Du Bois, her fourth husband.

Mr. Dubois, a successful interior decorator, complained that Mrs. Dubois was seldom at home, her career as a columnist occupying almost all of her time.

In court, he remarked with nostalgia, "The last time I saw her was at the Premiere of 'Gone With The Wind'!"

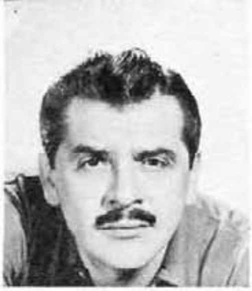
TIME FIRES NEW COVER ARTIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. June 26.— Frank Kelly Freas, the noted cover artist who was hired recently by Time Magazine, was fired suddenly after he'd handed in seven prospective covers. A spokesman for Time issued the following statement: "All of Mr. Freas' characters looked like Alfred E. Neuman!" When asked to comment, Mr. Freas said, "What, me worry?"

WRITES FINIS



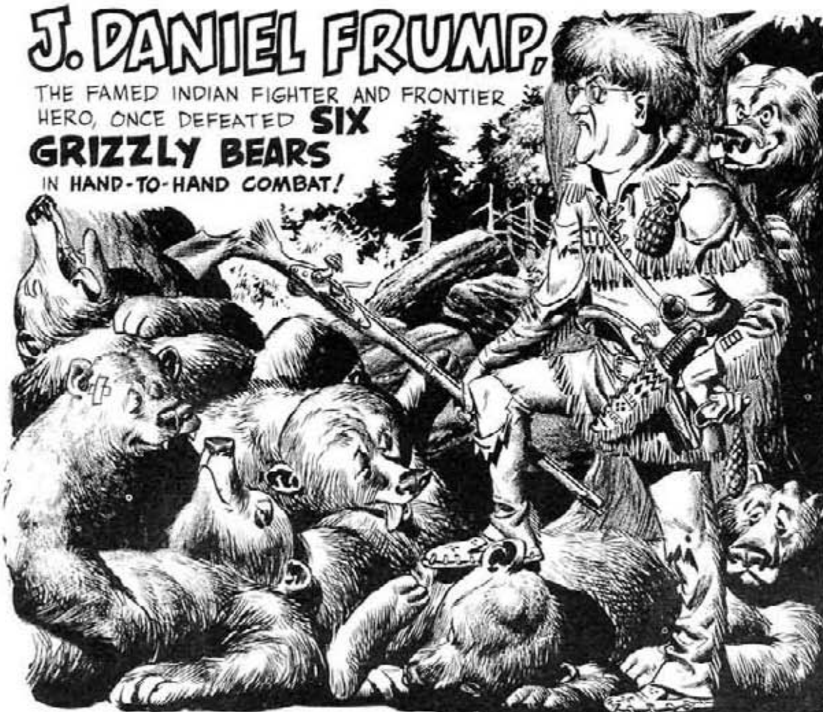
Miss Alliance leaves court after losing fourth husband.



ERNIE KOVACS DEPT.

Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



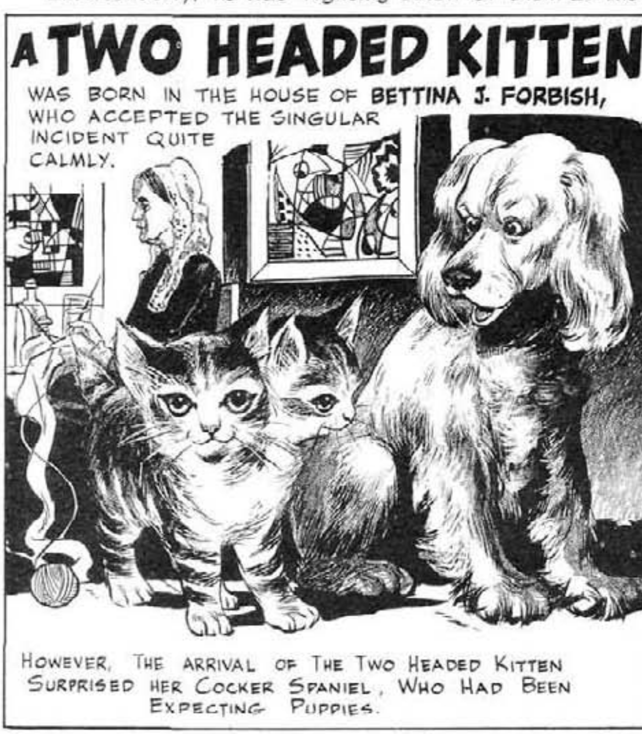
Unfortunately, he was fighting seven of them at the time.



HOWEVER, THE RECORD WAS LATER DISALLOWED WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT FREMBISH HAD NOT BEEN RIDING A HORSE AT THE TIME.

Contrary To Popular Opinion, A FISH **CAN** BE TAUGHT TO PLAY A **MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!**

ARNOLD K. FISH LEARNED TO PLAY THE TUBA IN FOUR YEARS.





the Wrong Lions

PATRIOTISM



Right away, audience feels sympathy for Germans in first scenes which show Christian Diesel (Marlo Brandin) as a wholesome, athletic youth, proud to serve his country.



Especially when compared to lazy, cowardly, liquor-loving Broadway playboy Michael Wittycur (Dean Martini) who pulls strings and tries every trick he can to beat draft.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE



Pro-German feeling in audience runs high during scenes in desert when clever plan by Diesel results in exciting surprise attack and elimination of entire British Army.



Anti-American feeling runs high when Ackermoan, fed up with Army abuses dating back to "From Here to Eternity" when they wouldn't let him play bugle, becomes a deserter.

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER

FINAL

Film reaches exciting climax as Ackermoan and Wittycur, bitter with hate, patrol along picturesque German road . . .



as Diesel, humane to the last, destroys weapon and tries to surrender to the two men he could have easily killed.



Here's a review of a new-type war film which, unlike all them corny old-type war films, takes a realistic viewpoint of World War II, and depicts the Germans as the carefree, good-natured fellows they were... and the Americans as the sadistic louses we know them to be!



(MISUNDERSTOOD GERMAN MILITARY) PICTURE

LEADERSHIP



Picture shows warm, smiling, fun-loving German officers having rollicking good times in Paris, and winning the hearts of French people who once bitterly resented them.



While back in U.S., prejudiced and sadistic American Officers are shown allowing Noah Ackermoan (Montgomery Cleft) to suffer abuses and beatings by fellow soldiers.

MORALITY



Low moral standards of Americans is evident in picture when Wittycur, disgusted at seeing his girl friend openly responding to General's advances, volunteers for combat.



High moral standards of Germans is evident in picture when Diesel, after normal acceptance of friend's wife's affections, repels her when he learns of husband's death.

RETRIBUTION

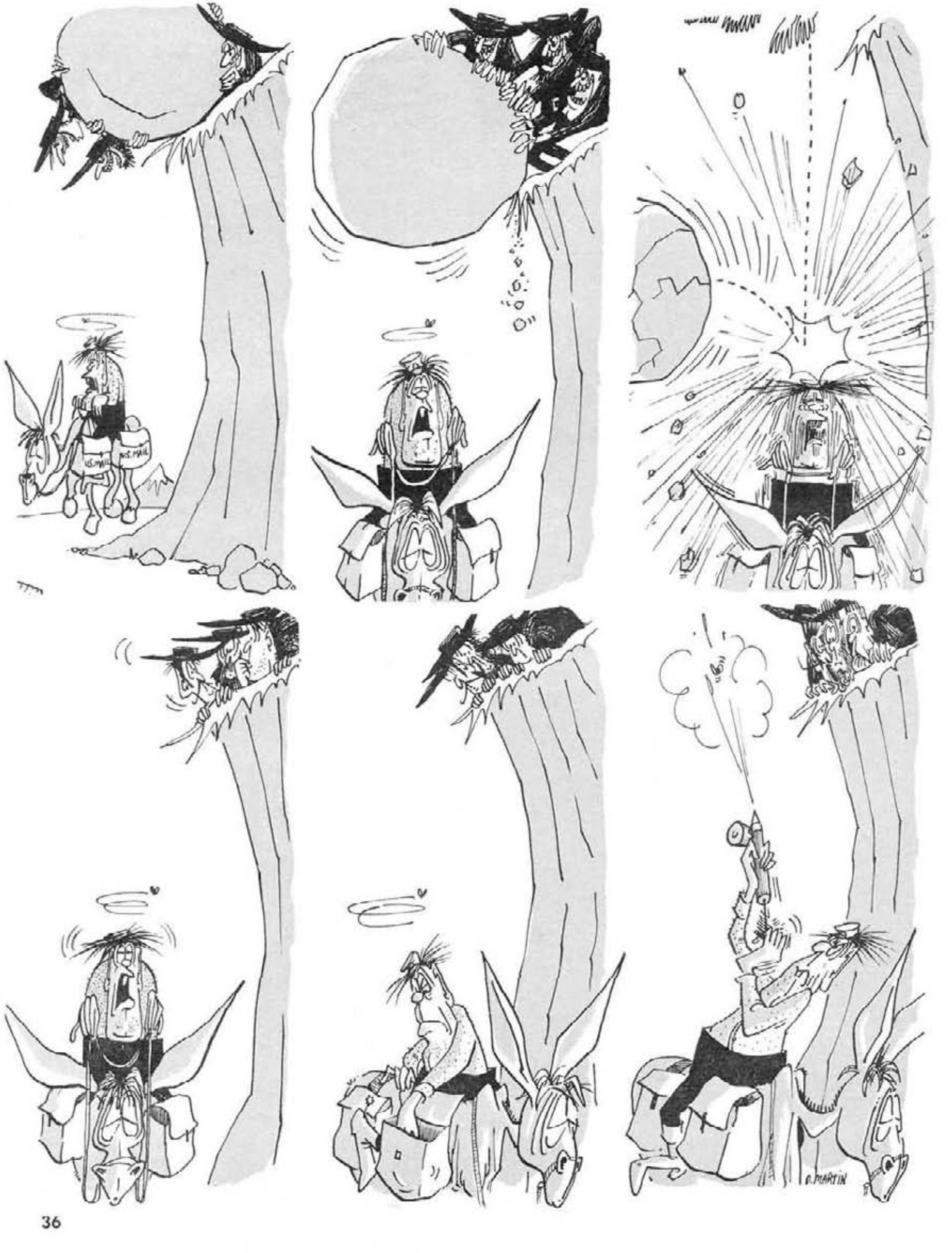
A blast of gunfire ends this gentle German's life while Ackermoan and Wittycur look on. Murderous blast comes from Irwin Shaw, disgusted author of original novel who growls as picture ends: "This wasn't the way I wrote it!"



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

If "Don Martin At Large" hasn't driven you bugs yet, he will with this tale . . .

The Great Mail Robbery



TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MESS DEPT.



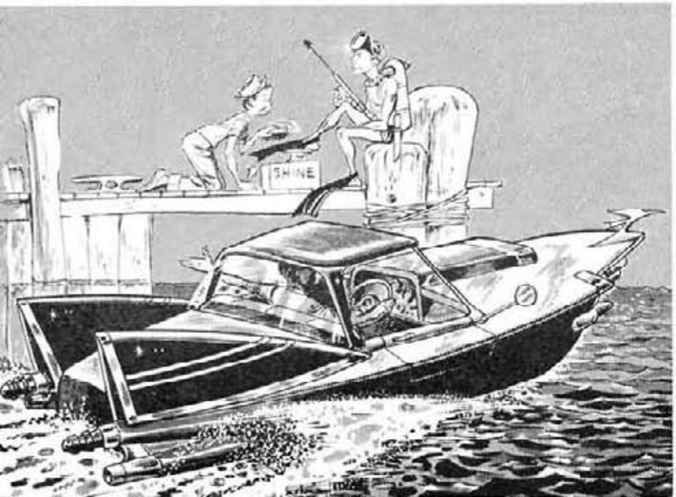
It is estimated that if every car in the United States were placed bumper-to-bumper . . . that's exactly what happens every week-end on the nation's highways! And that's exactly why certain manufacturers are successfully luring more and more frustrated drivers away from jammed highways, and on to wide-open waterways . . . by popularizing

Boating*

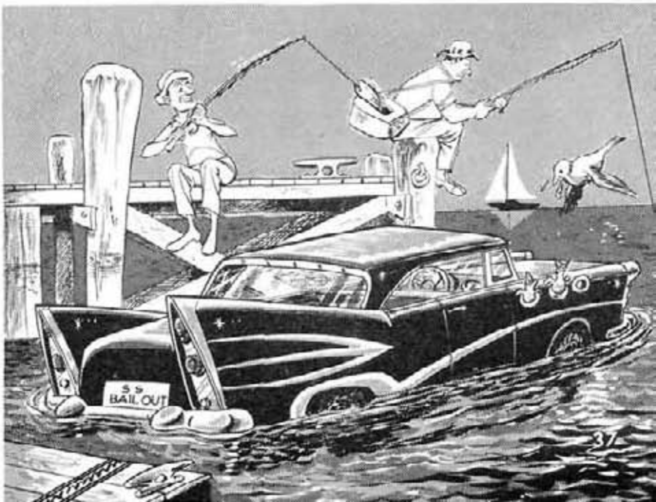
*"Better Things For Better Living" . . . cost plenty!

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

Yes, boat makers are employing every trick in the book in order to lure week-end drivers into boating. F'rinstance, they're even designing boats to look like automobiles . . .

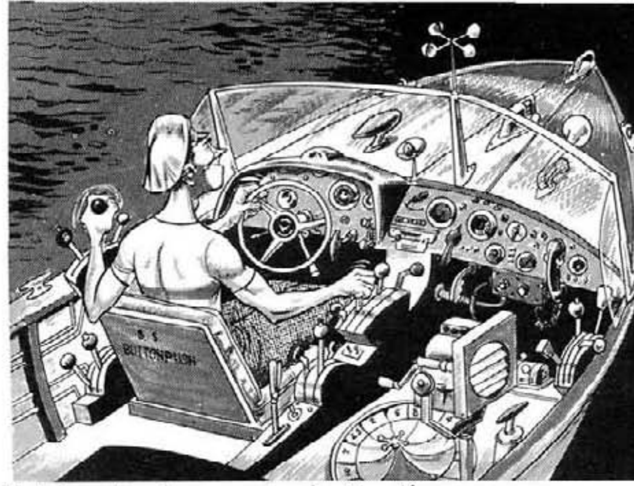


Like this one! Note the trim lines and the two-tone color combination! Note the swept-back tail-fins! Note that it isn't even a boat! It's an automobile that drove off dock!





The outboard motor is an economical form of power for the boating enthusiast. In the old days, they were started by hand, which developed the boatman's arm, and vocabulary. This is where expression "The Vulgar Boatman" comes from.

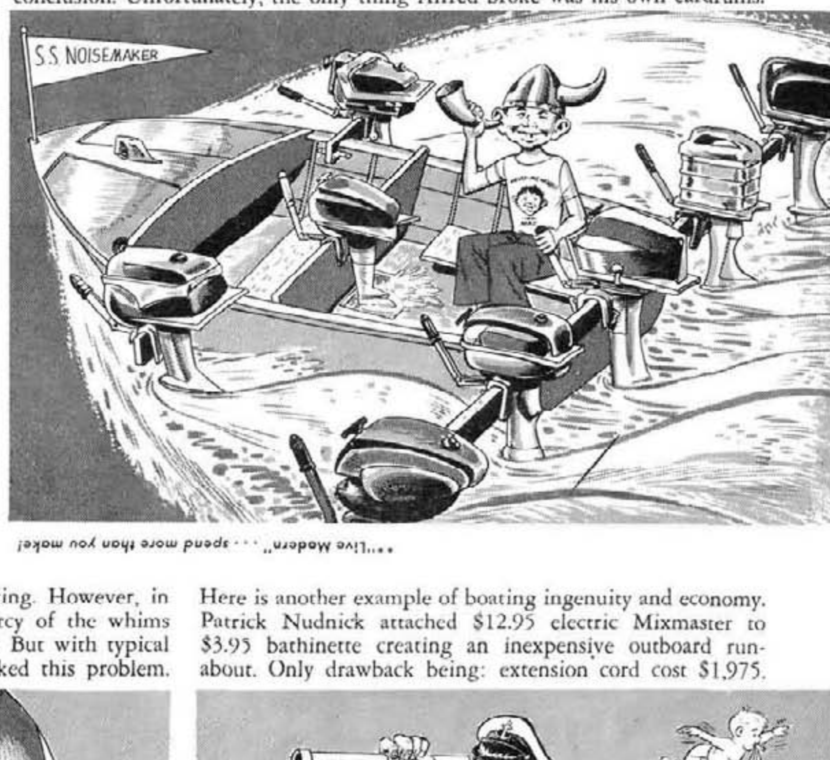


Today's outboards are equipped with self-starters, remote controls, and enough gadgets to frighten a jet pilot. A good example of the modern craft is Irving F. Yardarm's boat (above). Irving lacks one gadget, though . . . the motor!

In the quest for more and more power, the use of multiple motors is growing among outboard motorboat enthusiasts.

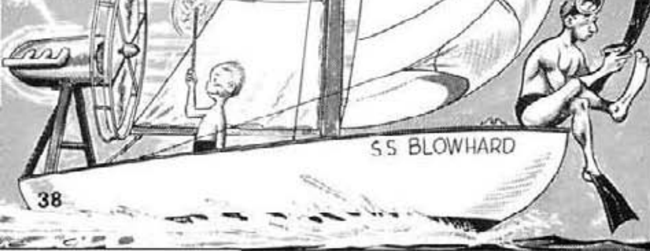


For example, Alfred E. Neuman, of Far Rockaway, N. Y., in attempting to break the sound barrier on water, developed the multiple-motor idea to its ultimate conclusion. Unfortunately, the only thing Alfred broke was his own eardrums.



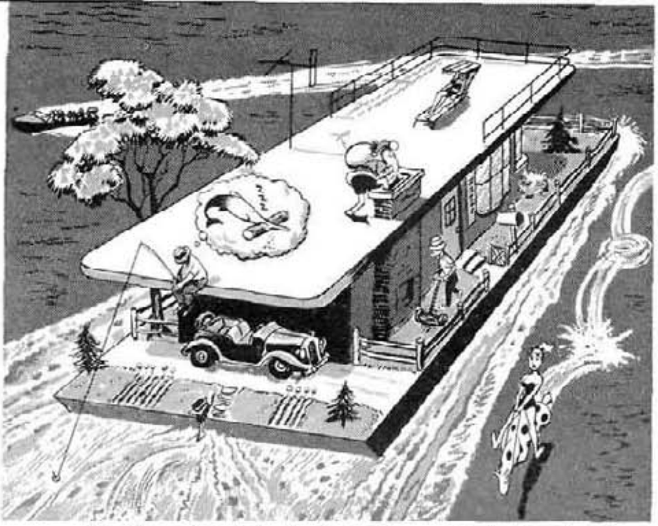
***"Live Modern" . . . spend more than you make!

Sailing is another popular form of boating. However, in a sailboat, one is completely at the mercy of the whims of the wind. No wind, and you're stuck. But with typical American ingenuity, sailboaters have licked this problem.



Here is another example of boating ingenuity and economy. Patrick Nudnick attached $12.95 electric Mixmaster to $3.95 bathinette creating an inexpensive outboard runabout. Only drawback being: extension cord cost $1,975.



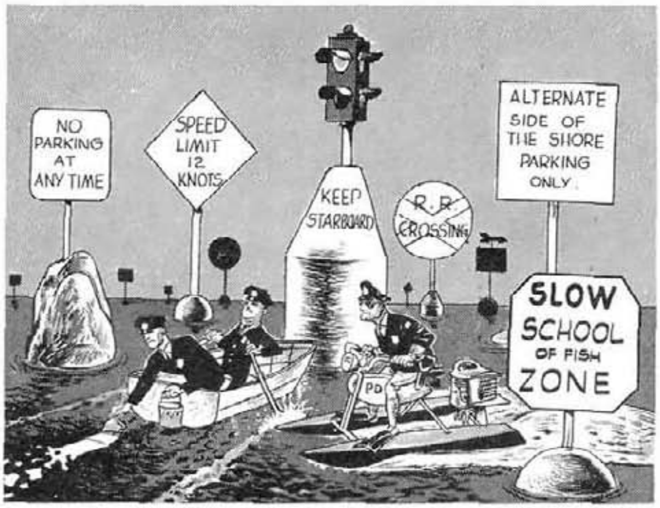


The "houseboat" is also becoming a popular boating item. However, there's always the danger of a flooded basement.

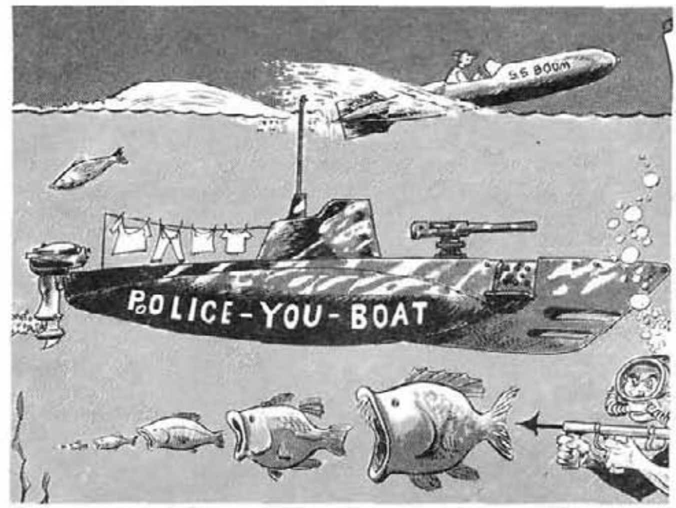


If you want to know exactly how many friends and relatives you have, just buy a boat . . . and then buy an adding machine.

** "The Breakfast Of Champions" . . . *is a bite of World Series money!*

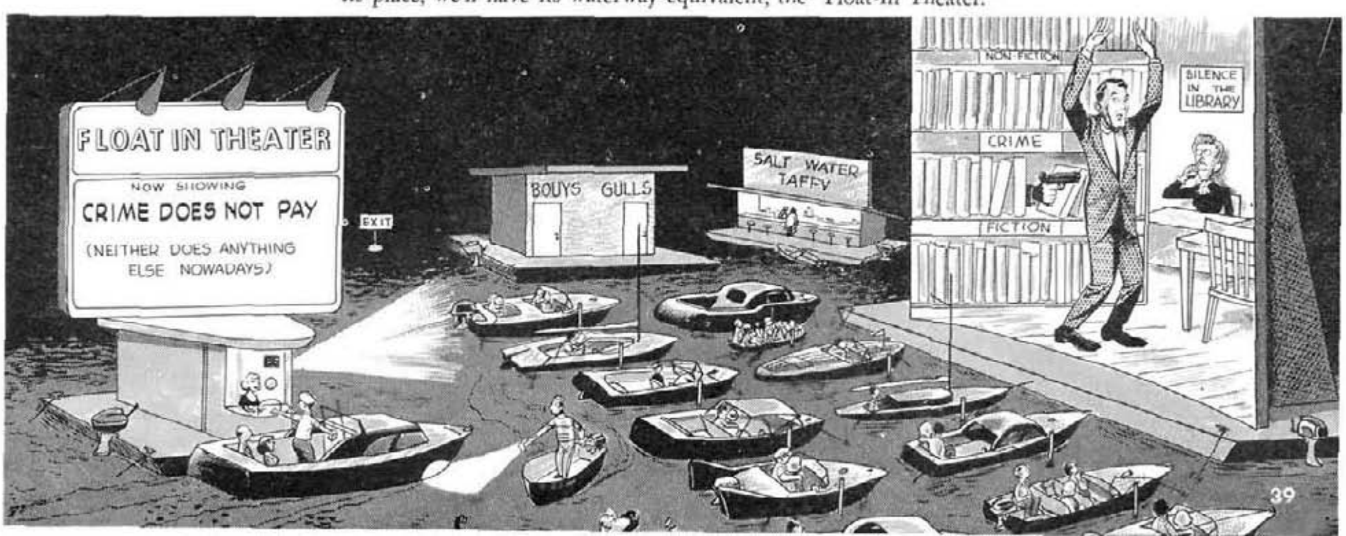


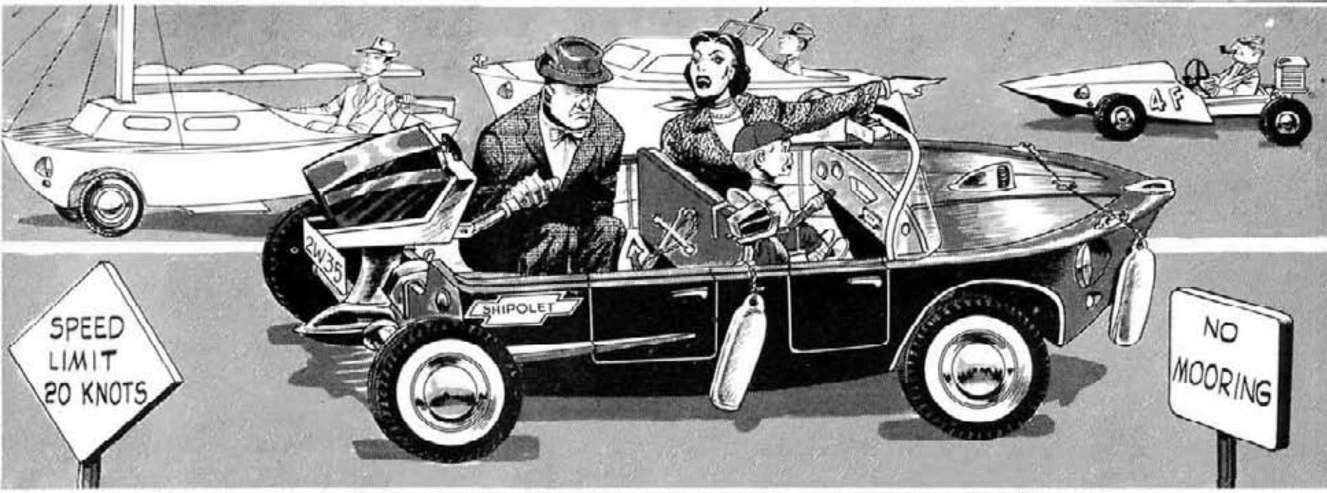
As more and more week-end drivers turn to boating, the law will have to eventually step in with all sorts of traffic regulations. Painting a white line will present a problem.



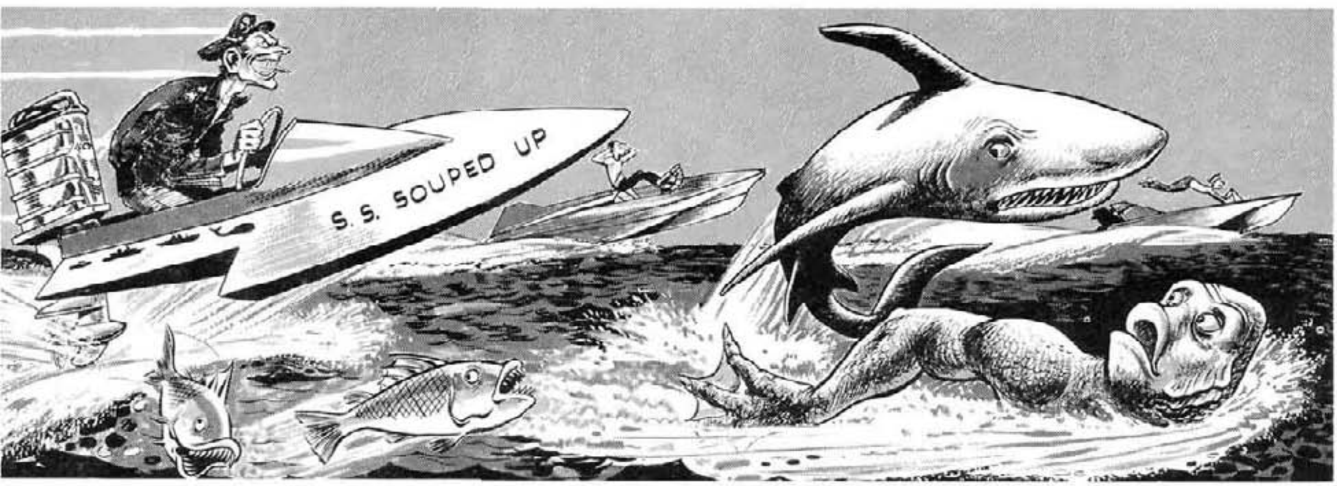
Since there won't be any billboards or shrubbery to hide behind, traffic cops will have to find new ways to trap speeders and reckless drivers. They'll have to submerge.

The "Drive-In Theater" as we know it will eventually disappear, and in its place, we'll have its waterway equivalent, the "Float-In Theater."





As the popularity of boating grows, automobile sales will slump. Detroit will panic. In an effort to boost sales, the car industry will retool and begin turning out automobiles that look like boats. One advantage of this will be the elimination of the back-seat driver. Now, she'll sit in front!



And finally, as the popularity of boating reaches its peak, and its cost reaches everyone, the "hotrodder" will invade our nation's waterways, replacing the shark, the barracuda, and "The Creature from 20,000 Fathoms" as the terror of the seas.

Yes, it is estimated that if every boat in the United States were placed gunnel to gunnel . . . that's exactly what will happen every week-end on the nation's waterways if this boating craze keeps up! And the nation's highways will be jammed worse than ever as millions of boating enthusiasts try to reach their boats. Which is exactly what certain big manufacturers are counting on. Then they can start popularizing . . . well, you know what's next!





BOB

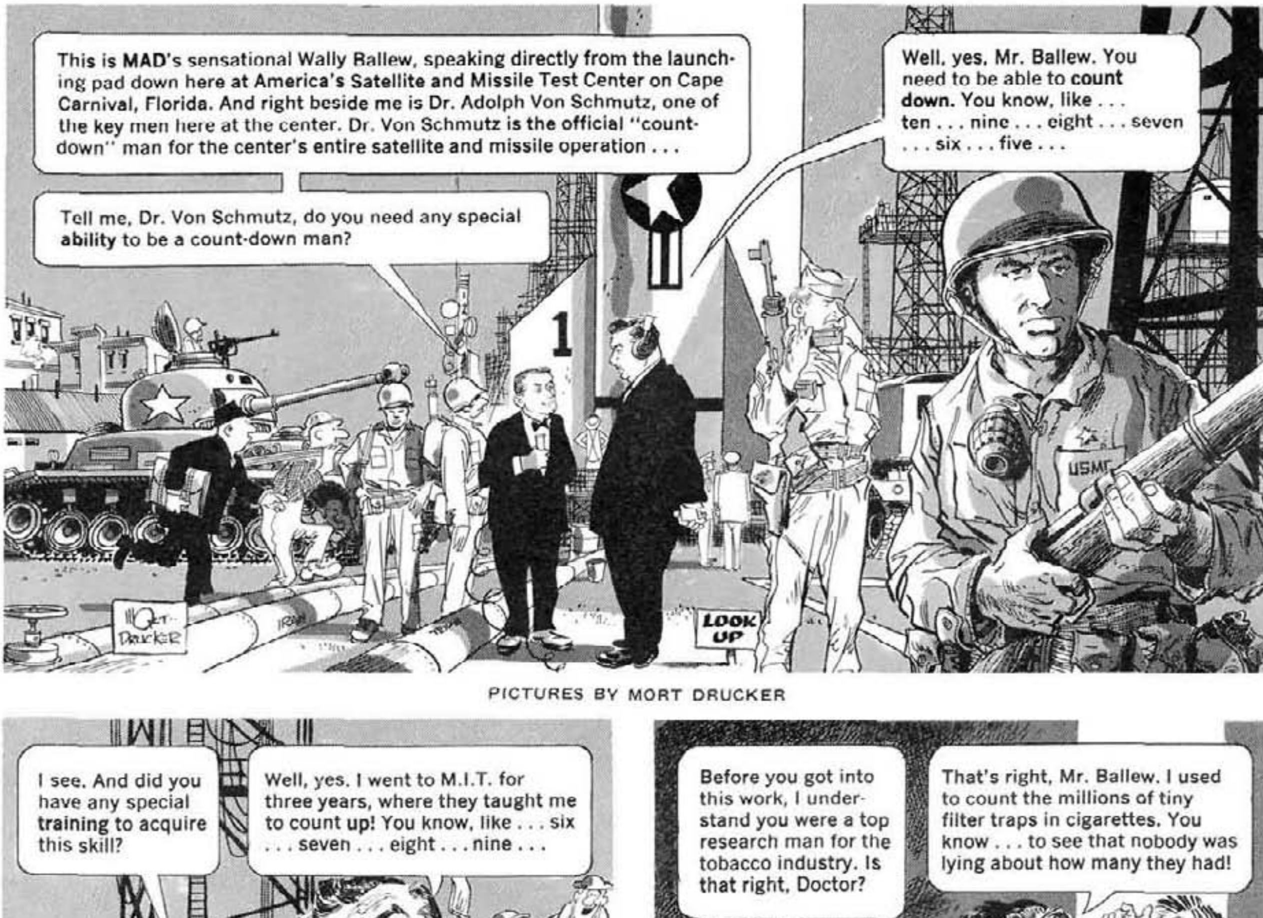
BOB AND RAY DEPT.

We interrupt this idiocy for an article of a more serious nature as Bob and Ray's roving correspondent, Wally Ballew, stands by with another of his on-the-spot reports. So here we go down to Cape Carnival, Florida, for a special interview with one of America's many unsung heroes in its satellite-development program . . . this one being . . .



RAY

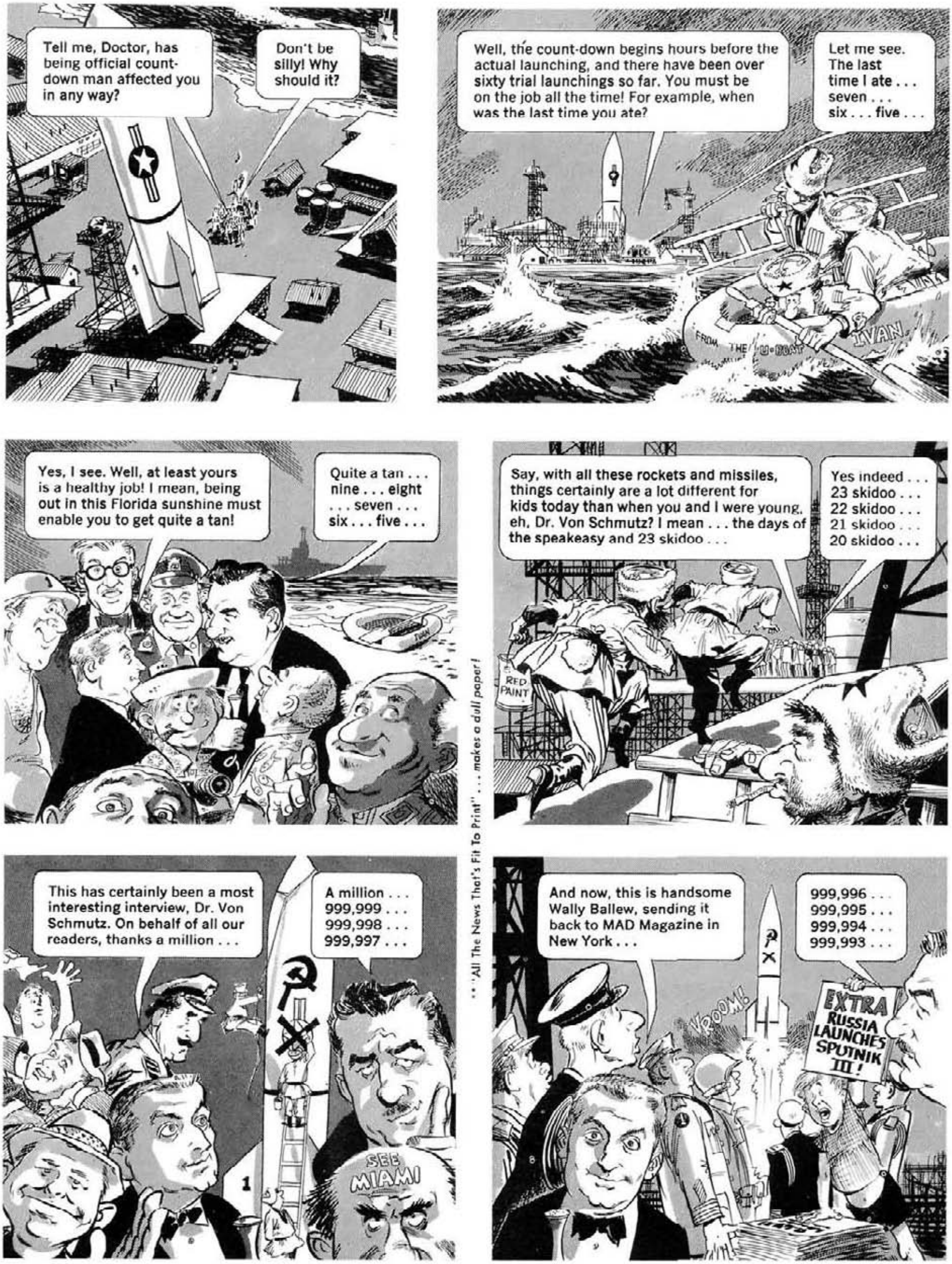
THE COUNT-DOWN MAN



PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER







** "All The News That's Fit To Print" . . . makes a dull paper!

VOLUME MAD — PETER PAN PEANUT BUTTER — NUMBER WHEEE

THE NATIONAL OSOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

JULY, 1958

Fifty-eight Pages of Colored Illustrations in Color

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PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

VOL. MAD, No. 3 DWIRP JULY, 1958



THE NATIONAL OSOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



Africa is for the Birds

A Young American Couple Honeymoons in the Forbidden Interior of the Dark Continent, Encountering Lions, Tigers, Water Buffalo, Giraffes, Gorillas, Snakes, Ibexes, Hippos and Emus

BY ROGER L. "CUDDLES" STERNWALLOW
National Osographic Magazine Staff

THE chief native porter of our little safari rushed up to my late wife and myself and began chattering swiftly in Swahili. "Bwana and Mrs. Bwana," he began eagerly, "After leaving your comfortable home in Davenport, Iowa, only two days after your marriage, and sailing to the port of Dakar aboard a freighter of Panamanian registry, you have trekked across 1,800 miles of veldt, jungle, gumba and krudd to come within sight of the storied Mountains of the Moon. You are also two weeks behind in my pay!"

My late wife smiled the half-smile that has won us friends from Mombassa on the coast to the mud-walled native capital of K'kdna'a, and slammed our chief porter across the side of the head with her rifle butt. I admired Evelyn's enthusiasm, which was clearly visible that morning under her tight fitting *gumbamba*. The porter lay whimpering on the ground and I tossed him a copper w'wmmba'a for his troubles. He picked up the coin in his teeth, and with a weak smile joined the other native bearers.

The Wumbosa Comes to Greet Us.

We had pushed onward through the dense underbrush of the k'dula for less than three weeks after that when I sensed great excitement among the natives. Evelyn seemed eager to break up the demonstration by cracking a few more skulls with her rifle butt. But I halted her with a warning gesture that sent her sprawling.

Far up the trail, I could make out the form of a tall princely Buktuktu, his k'kkkaty glistening in the sunlight. Obviously, the Jdu-Jdu drums had heralded our arrival and he was a royal welcoming committee.

He came forward with a smile that disclosed the sharply filed teeth of the Gwan'mbmba aristocracy. He bowed low, showing us his wumbt'tu, and I shielded Evelyn from the sight as best I could.

Evelyn and Her Big Mouth Again

We exchanged k'kash wordlessly and then Evelyn stepped forward and asked in Swahili, "What I want to know, and I want you to give me a straight answer to, is—I mean—you know—I want the straight poop. I don't want no uhhh — Well, you know what I want. I want a straight answer. I want to know if you really got cannibals up this way. I mean I heard the rumble. I know the story."

Our princely guest bowed low again, flashing the pointed tooth smile I had noticed two paragraphs above. "I do not speak Swahili," he said in Basuto.

I called one of the porters who spoke only Bantu. "What is he saying?" I asked in Swahili.

"Beats me," he said in Bantu. "I don't speak Basuto."

I turned to see that Evelyn was stroking her rifle nervously as the visiting chieftan stroked Evelyn nervously.

(Cont. on Page 152,917)

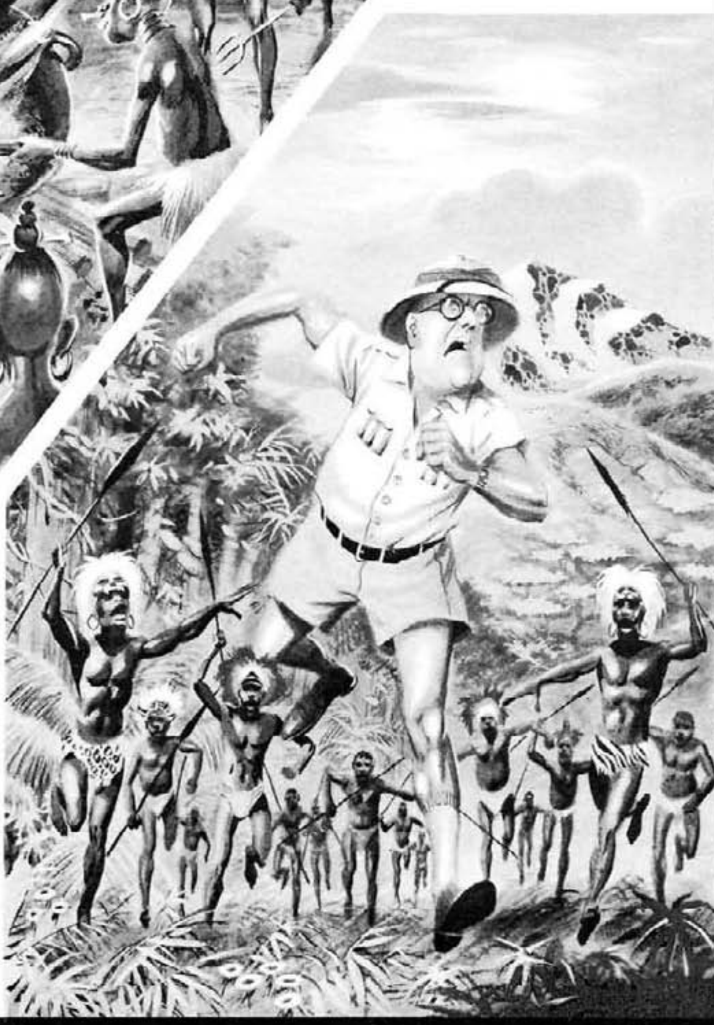


Sternwallow Participates in Native Athletic Event

Known as an all-round good fellow in his under graduate days at South Dakota State Teachers College, the author was quick to join the natives in their simple games. Here, he apparently leads all challengers in a foot race.

This was the last picture taken on Sternwallow's final roll of film. Undeveloped negatives and manuscript for accompanying article were found floating in a bottle on Lake Chad. Sternwallow has not yet been found floating anywhere.

You sure don't need glasses!



Author's Wife Tests Traditional Cooking Utensil

African cannibals used kettles like these to baste victims before the practice presumably was abolished by missionaries. Here, Mrs. Sternwallow sits in a kettle while the natives gag it up.

This is believed to be the last photo taken of the author's wife before she passed away on safari from undisclosed causes.

National Osographic Society

We Couldn't Find the Pennsylvania Turnpike

Daring Sanford and Birdie Ugnew, who Missed the Asian Continent in Their Last Assignment , Fumble The Ball Again

By Birdie Ugnew

National Osographic Magazine Staff

OUR National Osographic Society station wagon rolled through Philadelphia, the quaint old city where the Declaration of Independence was once signed, and where the Kansas City Athletics were once located. Our assignment: to pick up the Pennsylvania Turnpike just outside Philadelphia, and follow the amazing highway to its western terminus 300 miles away.

We were all excited about the adventure that awaited us. The twins, Roy and Anastasia, frolicked in the back seat like two kittens, rubbing taffy apples into the upholstery. My husband, Sanford, still upset about not being able to get a drink in Philadelphia on Sunday, kept swerving up onto the sidewalk from time to time in an effort to bag one of the many quick, sure-footed pedestrians that abounded in the area.

The Pennsylvania Commissioner of Highways, a kindly native officer assigned to the old unwalled city of Harrisburg, had written us in English, telling what we might look forward to on our trip. He had described in glowing detail the fabulous Turnpike, constructed across the entire breadth of the state at a cost of $500,000 a mile. Looking back on our three exciting weeks among the natives of the Pennsylvania interior, I will always feel a certain pang of regret that we were never able to find the Turnpike.

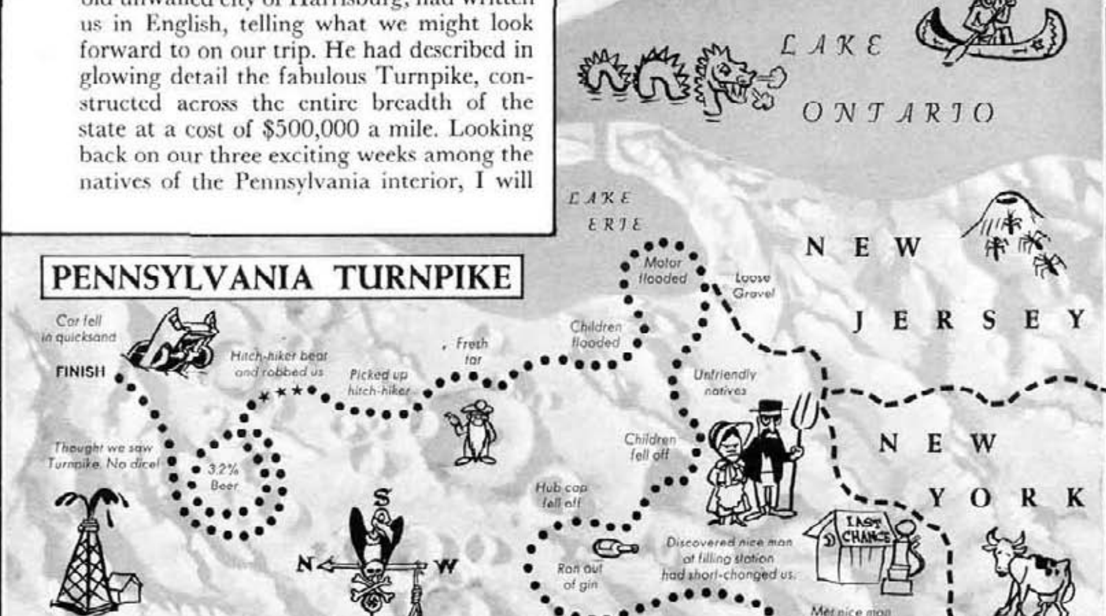
Wherever we went, natives described the fabulous road in wide-eyed innocence. They spoke of it as a "four-lane eighth wonder of the world," winding through valleys and cutting through mountains to reach what they called "the Ohio country."

They told of filling stations lined with dozens of pumps, row on row. But their greatest awe was reserved for an outsider named Howard Johnson, who apparently decided just who should eat and who should go hungry along the Turnpike.

Sanford, who had given up reading road signs after an unfortunate experience some years ago when we were looking for Europe,

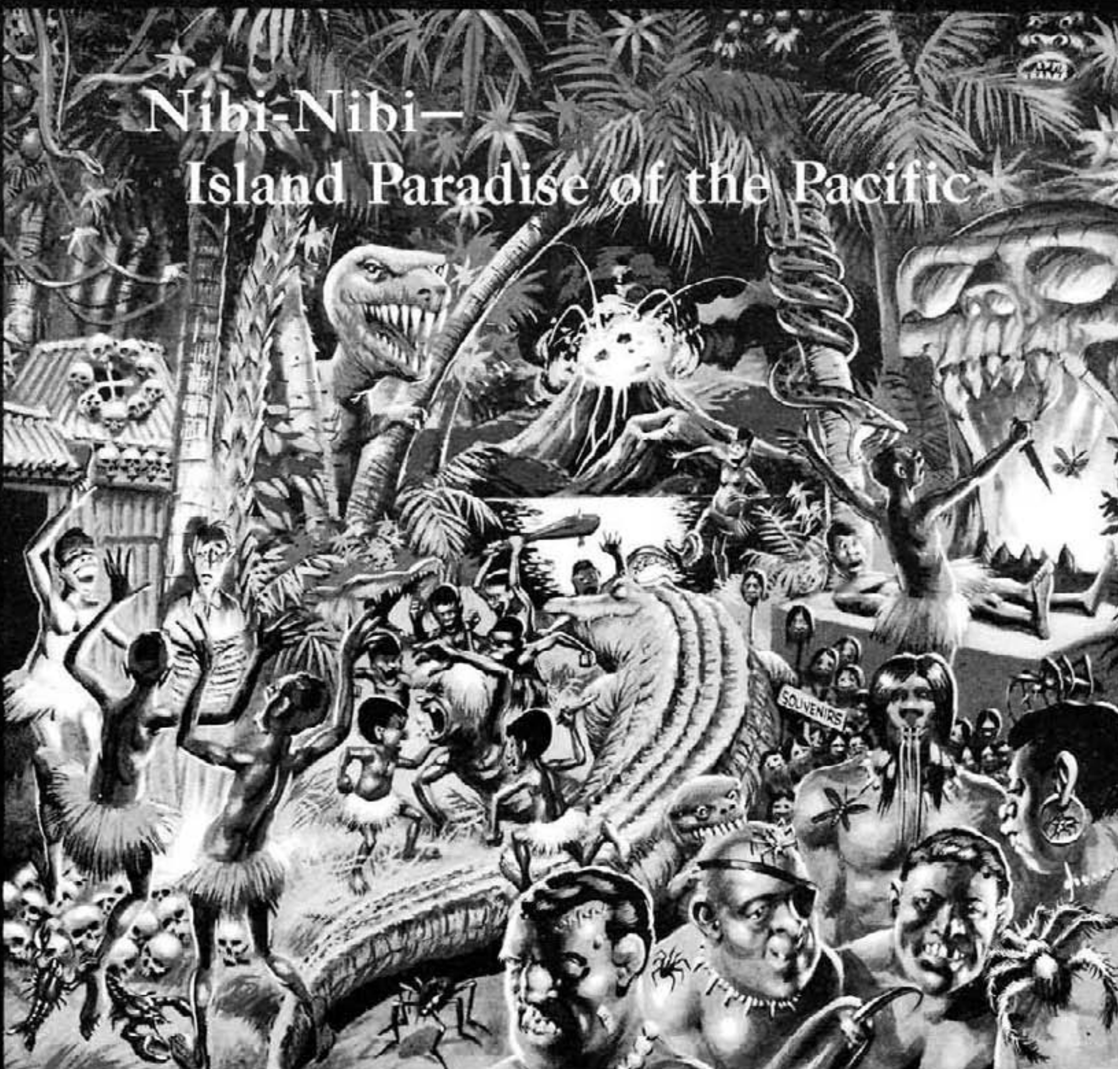
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National Osographic Map drawn by James Abbott McNeill Whistler

Nibi-Nibi— Island Paradise of the Pacific



By Yancey Slurg

Uncharted Islands Editor, National Osographic Magazine

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author Developed at Walgreens

"THIS island is all I ever want. This is my Shangri-La!" So spoke the grizzled white planter, Neville Brooks-Brother, gesturing expansively with the stub of an arm that had been left to him as a reminder of the native uprising of 1947.

Brooks-Brother leaned back on his *wami-wami* and stuck the yellow stem of a pipe in his toothless mouth. I learned later that his teeth had been pulled by the carefree, fun-loving islanders several years before in an effort to find where he hid his rum. "This is paradise," he said simply, shaking with a malarial spasm. "Here is an island which knows no war, no bigotry, no sanitation, no nothing!"

Brooks-Brother is the lone white resident living among some 200 natives on Nibi-Nibi, a tiny coral atoll some 12,750 miles south-west of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Uncharted except on the most detailed marine maps, Nibi-Nibi is indeed a tropical island of plenty. Here, except among the weak, want is unknown. Human sacrifices keep the population at a comfortably low level, and the native festivals also take their toll of the weak in body and mind.

(Cont. on Page 152,438)

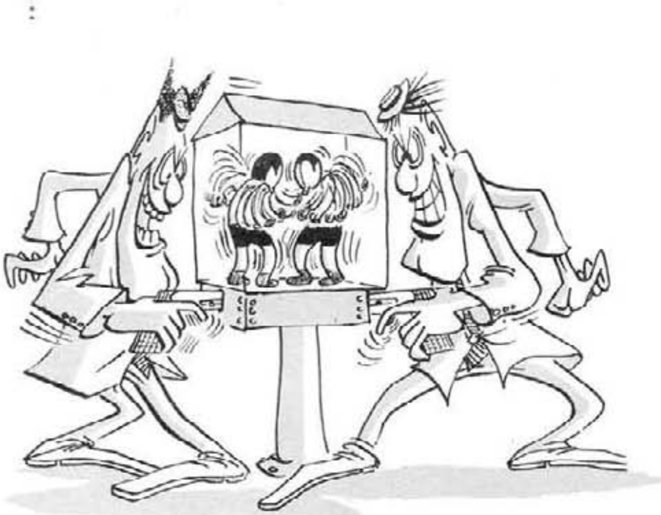
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

"Movies Are Better Than Ever" . . . too bad the prices aren't!

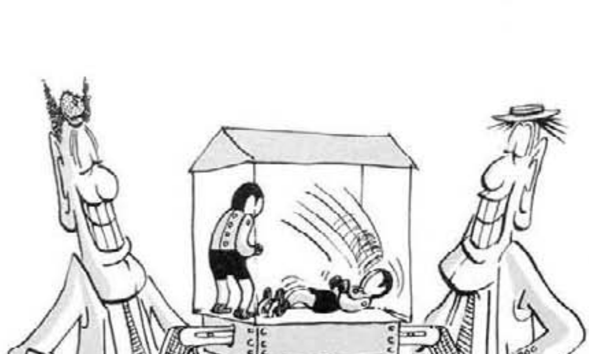
Before closing, let's drop in on "Don Martin At Large" for his parting shot, entitled . . .

In A Penny Arcade

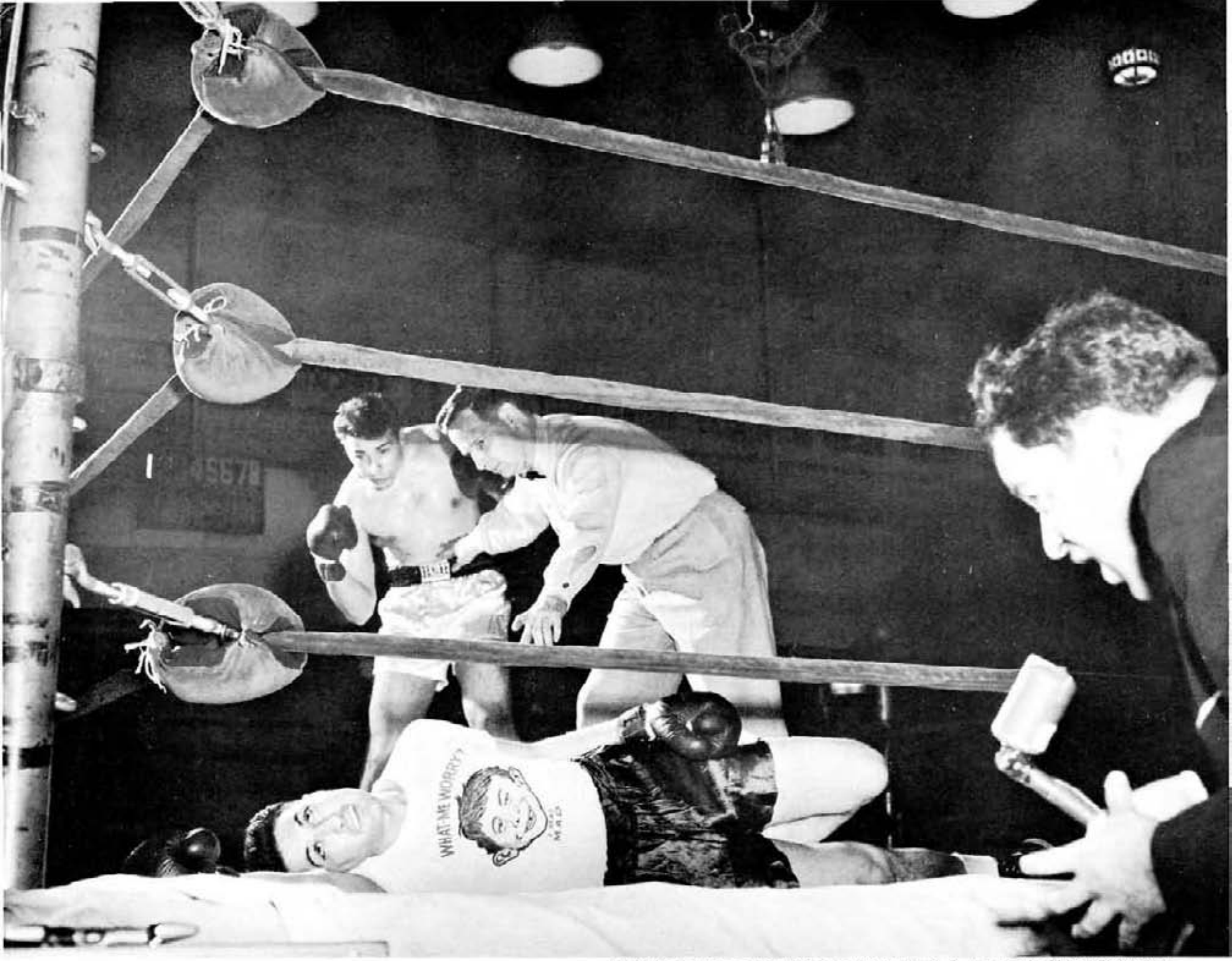












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